

The MESS KIT



19 MAY 19

Published MONTHLY by U.S.A. BASE HOSPITAL
CAMP MERRITT
NEW JERSEY

(The Mess-Kit for April contributed this inside front cover page to the Victory Loan. We repeat now, for May, this choice advertising page as a final free gift, and, for good measure, we write the advertisement below, because we have not seen anything in the way of a Victory Loan advertisement which said exactly what we want to say to our readers about this last of the war loans.)

The Victory Loan

Amount, \$4,500,000,000 (Four and a Half Billions)

Interest (payable semi-annually):— $4\frac{3}{4}\%$.

Subscriptions Received:—From April 21 to May 10, inclusive.

Bonds come to maturity:—May 20, 1923.

Allotments will be made:—June 3, 1919.

The Last of the War-Loans

This is the last of the Government War Loans that will be offered to the public. It was expected to be for Six Billions instead of Four and a half. The smaller requirement means quicker action on your part if you wish to be among the fortunate ones who were in time to purchase Victory Loan Bonds.

This Is Your Only Chance to Buy a U. S. Government Bond Paying This High Rate of Interest

This is the chance of a lifetime for the small investor. Never again will the same conditions recur which made it necessary for the U. S. Government to pay such a high rate of interest on its borrowings. The chance is worth taking advantage of quickly. If you do not act quickly, the chance passes. Naturally.

“First Come, First Served”

This Victory Loan is being run a little differently from previous Loans. The plan of “First Come, First Served” is being used as fairest to all. When the required amount, Four and a half Billions, has been received from the sale of these Bonds, or Convertible Gold Notes, as they might be called, then the Victory Loan is at an end. No more Bonds can be sold beyond the amount specified. There will be thousands of disappointed people, because this Victory Loan will be over-subscribed in amount before the last day set for taking subscriptions, May 10. Certainly. Every other Loan has been over-subscribed, and no Loan terms were ever as attractive as the terms of this Victory Loan. Do not be one of those who cannot be given their Victory Bonds because the amount was over-subscribed before they had made up their minds.

Instalment Payment Plan

This Victory Loan has been arranged to meet the wishes of the small investor. You pay 10% of your Bond with your Application before May 10, 10% on or before July 15, 20% on or before August 15, 20% on or before September 15, 20% on or before October 7, and the remaining 20% on or before November 11.

This Is the Right Investment for Your Savings

What does your Postal Savings Bank pay you in interest on your account? What does any bank pay you? Not $4\frac{3}{4}\%$. Yet the Victory Loan Bond pays you this, and the soundest and most solid security in the world, namely, the United States itself, guarantees you both interest and principal. The guarantee means that the Bond is worth, dollar for dollar, exactly what you paid for it, and the money will be paid you on maturity of the Bond, May 20, 1923, four years hence. In the meantime the Bond pays you interest at $4\frac{3}{4}\%$, computed and paid half-yearly. Your savings should produce for you the highest possible interest consistent with absolute safety of principal. You will find this combination of absolute safety and highest earning power at its best in Victory Loan Bonds. The Government's need is your opportunity. It will not occur again. Buy now, while you can, and as much as you can. Address or call any Bank, or Liberty Loan Committee, 120 Broadway, N. Y. City. Or deal through your own Postmaster. But do it. Don't put it off. It is worth attention.

The Mess-Kit

A magazine written and published by the enlisted men of U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., issued monthly.
COMMANDING OFFICER: MAJOR J. I. SLOAT, M.C., U. S. A.

ADJUTANT: 1st LIEUT. W. B. TATUM, M.C., U. S. A.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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 Extra postage to Canada and Foreign Countries, 50 cents a year.
 (Application Made for Second-Class Postal Privileges)

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Circulation Manager
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Official Illustrator
 PVT. 1/c THOMAS PRINCE
Assistant Illustrators
 MISS MARION LEWIS, MISS MARIE GRAY
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Business Manager
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Assistant Business Manager
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Advertising Manager
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Special Feature Writer
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Advisor and Treasurer
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Vol. 1

MAY, 1919

No. 3

The Healing Hand of Time. It may be that we, as a people, are too quick to forgive and forget.

There is in the air a feeling of newborn kindness toward the Hun. There is a hint that the early resumption of business among nations means also the early resumption of business with the German people on the part of the United States. Should this hint become a reality it will follow inevitably that all the world must resume business with Germany, in order to keep abreast of the United States. Trade has its own laws and urgencies. Its demands cannot be slighted, and we are a trading nation, grown great by production, manufacture and sale of staples, arts and crafts. It is probable that the markets of the United States will be thrown open again to German products. This is tantamount to saying to Germany, "Let us forget and forgive!"

* * *

Nature's Way. Any reader of THE MESS-KIT, searching his memory for a parallel that bears on this point, will recall seemingly unforgivable injuries incurred, dwelt upon, and gradually forgotten. He will recall griefs and hurts apparently beyond all soothing that have lost their sting and can only be recalled to the memory by an effort. The way of Nature is to heal. The way of Nature is to let the dead past bury its dead. Nature covers her scars with verdure and wipes out memories of wrong. Nature looks forward. Is man wise or foolish in withholding forgiveness for injury? Is he right or wrong? Is Nature's way the safe guide?

* * *

Man's Way. Mankind is divided on the question of the ethics of the matter, but agreed on conduct. The Christian says that forgive-

ness is the first of duties. For him it is written that he forgive "until seventy-times seven." It is so written but he does not practise the precept. The Jew does not make pretence of forgiveness. His standard is Justice, expressed in the Law of Moses as "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." But the Jew is as amenable as the Christian to the binding laws of commerce, and he finds that things must be bought, sold and paid for even before justice has been done. Therefore, neither Jew nor Christian fulfils his law to the letter. Each withholds forgiveness—but resumes business. This is the way of nations. The Mohammedan, the Hindu, the Buddhist, all peoples of all color and all tongues, act alike in this matter. They do not forgive; they do not forget; but they resume business. Eventually they forgive, because they have forgotten. Eventually, therefore, man's way becomes Nature's way. Nature attains her ends. Her ends are surprisingly simple, direct, even brutal. She has, it might truly be said, but one aim—to repopulate the earth, and to cause it to bring forth abundantly. She has nothing to do with human grievances, rights and wrongs and opinions. Nature attains her ends.

* * *

The Mess-Kit's View of the Matter. The kaleidoscope of human affairs has tossed its prisms of colored glass into more than one new pattern since March last, when we spoke of fifty years of service for the Hun as a small price for him to pay for the ruin he wrought in Europe. We still think the price too small, but we no longer expect that it will be exacted. Our wish is exactly the wish of James Church Alvord in the *New York Times* of recent date, so finely expressed in the following verses:

THE ISHMAELITE OF NATIONS

The Ishmaelite of Nations, she shall wait
Until the crawling centuries mute again
The hideous echoes of her Hymn of Hate.

Cursed by the world's immeasurable disdain,
Cursed by the tears a million mothers shed,
Cursed on the fields where countless boys lie dead,
Whimpering for mercy, blustering, desolate
—The Ishmaelite shall wait.

By rotting wharves her empty ships shall rock,
Her slattern towns their poverty proclaim,
Her high-towered factories topple block by block
Since "Made in Germany" is a brand of shame.
Thrust from the Door of Human Brotherhood,
Misunderstanding and misunderstood,
Beggared, unpardoned, excommunicate
—The Ishmaelite shall wait.

Great fanes lift shattered arches to the dawn,
Gray skulls plow up through fields of Picardy,
Where once dead babies strewed the bitter sea
The cliffs still whiten in undying scorn.
Down weary years shall men, beholding this,
Turn from her bribes and pleading with a hiss,
Sullen, unpitied in her self-sought fate
—The Ishmaelite shall wait.

Fervently we wish this, but we know that nothing of this fate is reserved for Germany. Nature has other purposes. She does not work along the lines here set forth. Nature looks forward only. In a short ten years from today only the bereaved and the maimed will still remember the Hun, and for most of these the hurt and the hate will have eased. This is Nature's way, and she attains her ends. No matter how we rebel against this conclusion, the result is inevitable, because—eventually—man's way becomes Nature's way.

* * *

Bolshevism Also in New Aspect, and Prince's Cartoon. A short thirty days ago it would have been inconceivable that any nation would, unthreatened, and itself secure from the menace, recognize Bolshevism as having a *de facto* government of its own. It is no longer inconceivable. It may be very much of a fact before this issue is off the press. Should it become a fact the purpose evidently will be to prevent a coalition of Germany, Russia, Austria and Hungary in a closely welded form, professing, and for all practical purposes using, Bolshevism as its faith. We shall see what we shall see. These matters are on the knees of the gods. They concern us of THE MESS-KIT particularly in the matter of our Monthly Cartoon. Private I/c Thomas Prince, THE MESS-KIT artist, had conceived the idea of presenting in this May number a page cartoon showing Germany, the fox, half-concealed under the skin of the bear, Bolshevism, approaching the Peace Conference boldly, in the hope of using the Bolshevism disguise as a threat to extort better terms. But, if the trend of events drives a wedge between Bolshevism and Germany the result is the same as if a wedge had been driven between Russia and Germany, and a cartoon showing Germany in a Bolshevik skin would be evidently out of date and inappropriate. A daily paper can take its news of the day and make its cartoon fit to the minute; a weekly has little difficulty in keeping abreast of the thought of the day; but a monthly magazine is taking its life in its hand in venturing to picture world-affairs in its regular cartoon. The artist must be prophet and seer as well as craftsman. We shall expect our readers

to be a little lenient therefore if we do not exactly hit the bulls-eye every month in the cartoon, and we think that you will agree with us that the merit of the execution atones for any error or lack of freshness in the idea. We are also quite proud of Prince's cover designs and color schemes.

* * *

Business Done. The first number of THE MESS-KIT was on sale on the first day of March. By the end of the month over one thousand people had paid their annual subscriptions (\$1) to the magazine. The April number was on sale on the second day of April. At present writing, April 10, it looks as though fifteen hundred new subscribers will be added before the end of April, making a total of 2,500 paid-up annual subscribers to a magazine that is only two issues old. We should call this a surprising success in magazine-making. It looks that way to us. Considering that THE MESS-KIT started business without a cent of capital, meets its bills regularly, has no debts, keeps its subscription money as a fund, intact, not to be drawn upon, it looks like a sound business proposition, and a steadily growing concern. We expect to double the number of paid-up subscribers this month, May, and to accomplish this end only a little team-work is needed. The general public has responded generously, and we are of opinion that the public shows good judgment in subscribing for THE MESS-KIT, because the value of the publication is evident. It is worth a dollar a year. The men of the Detachment also have supported THE MESS-KIT strongly, many of them taking three or four subscriptions for their friends at home; others buying several single copies to send home. The bulk of the subscriptions, however, come to us from the public. Our own men, with commissioned officers and nurses, do not represent 25 per cent of the subscriptions received. It is a healthy sign that the public responds so well, because it means that the subscription field in that direction is limitless. There is no reason why THE MESS-KIT should not double its total of paid subscribers every month, and we make this appeal now to every subscriber, that he, or she, will take the trouble to send us at least one new subscription this month. We have made a success. Good. We have made a record. Let's beat the record. THE MESS-KIT is worth a dollar a year. You men of the Base Hospital Detachment can do a lot, if you will. This is your own magazine. Whatever profits it makes are your profits. It will be a success whether you help it along or not, but we should like to know that you all like it and wish it the best of luck. You will find that your people at home like it very much. Keep that point in mind, and if you have not already done so, send THE MESS-KIT to them for a year. And, if you will ask them to do so, your home folks will gladly bring this matter to the attention of their friends and neighbors and send in many subscriptions to swell the total. Ask them to do this when you write home.

* * *

The Mess-Kit Has No Agents. Outside of its own men, who leave this hospital daily on MESS-KIT subscription business, THE MESS-KIT has no agents. When this magazine was first planned, in February, it was thought that it would be of benefit to discharged soldiers to act as subscription agents for THE MESS-KIT, but that idea has been abandoned because of the fact that it is better for men in uniform to do anything else for a living rather than ask the general public to buy or subscribe to this, that, and the other thing. The good feeling of the public

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARTOON NO. 3



STOPPED?

DRAWN FOR THE MESS-KIT BY PVT. 1/c THOMAS PRINCE, MED. DEPT.

has been taken advantage of by business firms who have seen in the uniform an opportunity to pick up agents to handle their products, and much worthless stuff has been bought merely because it was offered for sale by a soldier, or by a man wearing the uniform, who looked like a soldier. This thing has become a pest. THE MESS-KIT employs no agents except its own men, four in number, who belong to this Base Hospital. THE MESS-KIT has no paid agents. It pays no salaries or commissions. Those who work for THE MESS-KIT do so because they like it. They are paid nothing. The profits belong to the enlisted men, when profits are made. It seems to us that the men of the Detachment

are working for their own interest when they get behind the magazine and do their best to make it a big success.

* * *

Warning to the Public

In connection with the above announcement, therefore, the public is warned NOT to subscribe to THE MESS-KIT when asked by any man, in uniform or out of uniform, representing himself to be an authorized agent, unless he can prove that he belongs to this Base Hospital Detachment. It is not enough that he was at one time a member of this Detachment. Unless he can prove that he is now a member he is not one of our agents.

Our Patients From Over-Seas

Written and Sketched by

Pvt. 1/c Philip M. Current, Med Dept.

(Continued from April MESS-KIT)

5. Sergeant John J. McLoughlin, Co. "K," 165th Infantry, hails from Brooklyn, N. Y. He is for a little while a patient at this hospital, but is well enough to make frequent trips to see his parents at 319 Esford Street, where he lived before he enlisted to join the infantry at Camp Mills. He sailed from Hoboken in October, 1917, landing at Brest. The Sergeant wears the Distinguished Service Cross, awarded him on September 7, 1918, for conspicuous gallantry in action. His military training was given him across the water. Before sailing, the 165th Infantry was made a part of the 42nd Division. On landing at Brest after a short period of rest and light work the heavy routine set in, consisting of drill in quantity, trench digging, barb-wire entanglement construction, with occasional trips to the active fronts. Followed a big jump to the front at Luneville, tramping through mud and rain, loaded down with heavy packs. Here the sergeant, then a corporal, was hit for the first time; and sent to Base Hospital No. 18, operated by the Johns Hopkins unit. He rejoined his company at the Baccarat sector, where the now familiar "Treat 'em Rough" war-cry was used for the first time. Having gained their objective at Baccarat, the division was sent on through Champagne and Chalons. Scarcity of food and water



A Light and Easy Shave

caused much hardship. The water, even when it was obtainable, was not fit to use. At times water was so scarce that the men used their allowance of coffee to make the lather to shave with.

The engagement at Chateau-Thierry has been fought out on paper many times and needs no further description here. Northeast of that historic spot Corporal McLoughlin distinguished himself to the extent set forth officially in the Citation at the top of the next column.

From Chateau-Thierry the division moved to the St. Mihiel sector, taking and holding its positions, making drives to points east of St. Mihiel, and forcing the Germans to keep a large number of their troops in that district, thereby dividing the enemy's forces and keeping them back from the Sedan sector. Mean-

while the other divisions engaged were making preparations to launch their drive through the Argonne. The 42nd Division was shortly relieved on the St. Mihiel front and sent northwest up through the Argonne, and finally to Sedan. The corporal saw his smartest fighting on the Argonne. It seemed that every tree had a machine gun posted in it and behind every knoll a battery of German artillery was posted. The "Yanks" drove through this hell, worn-out divisions were withdrawn from the front for a breathing spell, their places taken by fresh troops, and so, keeping the fighting force at its best, going steadily forward. The rain and heavy traffic, men, guns and ammunition, turned the roads into a sea of mud, and caused a congestion that was well-nigh impassable. But not quite. The Yanks advanced, and their supplies got up to them somehow. Sergeant McLoughlin was hit again in the Argonne and his company went on to Sedan without him. He was taken to Evacuation Hospital No. 10, and the armistice was signed while he was still a patient. After he recovered sufficiently from his wound to be moved, he was sent to Brest, and assigned to a Casual Company, which took ship, the "George Washington," and landed at Hoboken March 25, 1919. Sergeant McLoughlin will not long be a patient at Camp Merritt Base Hospital, but will be sent as speedily as possible to the hospital selected as most suitable for the treatment of his case, ensuring his early resumption of his duties as a citizen of whom his country is proud.

Headquarters, 42nd Division.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
FRANCE.

August 13th, 1918.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
42ND DIVISION:

A year has elapsed since the formation of your organization. It is, therefore, fitting to consider what you have accomplished as a combat division and what you should prepare to accomplish in the future.

Your first elements entered the trenches in Lorraine on February 21st. You served on that front for 110 days. You were the first American division to hold a divisional sector and when you left the sector, June 21st, you had served continuously as a division in the trenches for a longer time than any other American division.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

13 September, 1918.

201.

From: Division Adjutant, 42nd Division.

To: Corporal John J. McLoughlin, Co. K, 165th Infantry (through Military Channels).

Subject: Citation for Decoration.

The Commander-in-Chief, in the name of the President, has awarded you the Distinguished Service Cross (presented you September 7, 1918), for the following act:

"Corporal John J. McLoughlin, Co. K, 165th Infantry. Without assistance he cleared out a farm house near Villers-sur-Fere, France, 28 July, 1918. He killed four of the enemy, took one prisoner, and held the position by himself until support arrived. Prior to this he had left shelter to give first aid to a comrade who was lying severely wounded in the open."

ss.

165th U. S. Inf.

Recd. Hdqs.

(69th N. Y. Inf. N. Y.)

By command of Major General Menoher.

WALTER E. POWERS,

Major, U. S. A., Adjutant General.

Although you entered the sector without experience in actual warfare, you so conducted yourselves as to win the respect and affection of the French veterans with whom you fought. Under gas and bombardment, in raids, patrols, in the heat of hand to hand combat, and in the long, dull hours of trench routine so trying to a soldier's spirit, you bore yourselves in a manner worthy of the traditions of our country.

You were withdrawn from Lorraine and moved immediately to the Champagne front, where, during the critical days from July 14 to July 18, you had the honor of being the only American division to fight in General Gouraud's Army which so gloriously obeyed his order, "We will stand or die!" and by its defense crushed the German assault and made possible the offensive of July 19 to the west of Rheims.

From Champagne you were called to take part in exploiting the success north of the Marne. Fresh from the battle front before Chalons, you were thrown against the picked troops of Germany. For eight consecutive days you attacked skillfully prepared positions. You captured great stores of arms and munitions. You forced the crossings of the Ourcq. You took Hill 212, Sergy, Meurcy Ferme, and Seringes, by assault. You drove the enemy, including an Imperial Guard Division, before you for a depth of fifteen kilometers. When your infantry was relieved, it was in full pursuit of the retreating Germans, and your artillery continued to progress and support another American division in the advance to the Vesle.

For your services in Lorraine, your division was formally commended in General Orders by the French Army Corps under which you served. For your services in Champagne, your assembled officers received the personal thanks and commendation of General Gouraud himself. For your services on the Ourcq, your division was officially complimented in a letter from the Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, of July 28, 1918.

To your success, all ranks and all services have contributed, and I desire to express to every man in my command my appreciation of his devoted and courageous effort.

However, our position places a burden of responsibility upon us which we must strive to bear steadily forward without faltering. To our comrades who have fallen, we owe the sacred obligation of maintaining the reputation which they died to establish. The influence of our performance on our allies and on our enemies cannot be over-estimated, for we were one of the first divisions sent from our country to France to show the world that Americans can fight.

Hard battles and long campaigns lie before us. Only by ceaseless vigilance and tireless preparation can we fit ourselves for them. I urge you, therefore, to approach the future with confidence, but, above all, with firm determination that so far as it is in your power you will spare no effort, whether in training or in combat, to maintain the record of our division and the honor of our country.

CHARLES T. MENOHER,
Major General, U. S. Army.

6. Wagoner George R. Ives was a member of the ambulance unit attached to the New York National Guard, mustered into the federal service and sent to Camp Wadsworth September 8, 1917. At Wadsworth the unit did the camp ambulance work up to the time when it was attached to the 27th Division. The 27th sailed from Newport News May, 1918, landing at Brest June 2, where the first hardships were endured. There were no buildings to sleep in, the pup tents were only a partial shelter, and the water supply was cut per man to one canteen of water daily. From Brest to St. Nazaire. From St. Nazaire to Calais with a convoy of ambulances, two trips consuming ten days. At Calais until August 24th. This was the spot where they experienced their first raid by the enemy. They occupied a number of wooden barracks, at an old English base, and the Hun dropped some bombs on them, doing but little damage. From Calais to the front near Ypres, August 24. One of the big Ypres battles began on August 25th. Wagoner Ives, with his little Ford ambulance, aided by another Ford and driver, worked for 72 hours without food or rest, carrying wounded from "No Man's Land" back to safety. For this Ives was recommended for Citation. On September 3 the company was relieved for rest. On September 12 they returned to the lines between St. Quentin and

the signing of the armistice blocked the game the men drove their cars to Paris and left them. The company moved to Le Mans, thence to Brest, embarking for home on March 3. On arriving at Hoboken March 11, 1919, Ives was transferred to Camp Merritt Base Hospital for rest and attention.

7. Sergeant Walter Peterson, formerly Private 1/c Peterson of the 35th Infantry at Nogales, Arizona, lives when at home at 1909 Cortlandt St., Chicago, Ill. He enlisted at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on February 26, 1917 and after his training was finished was made sergeant and transferred to the 18th Infantry. The 18th sailed from Hoboken on the morning of June 13 on the Finland, landing at St. Nazaire on June 26, 1917. Three weeks at this spot, then Houllencourt, the "rest camp," where is no rest. Here the 18th Infantry spent five months in hard training on Washington Hill. Every day each man turned out with his full pack for a hard day's drill. To the Alsace-Lorraine front for a short experience of line work, then to Trevieres for further training. From Trevieres to the Toul front for two months. From Toul to Cantigny, taken and held. From Cantigny to Soissons. From Soissons to the Argonne. Lieut. Scott was in charge of the platoon of which Sergeant Peterson was a member. Lieut. Scott and his men were going through the Huns when a Prussian officer took a shot at Lieut. Scott. Peterson "got" the Prussian. He

was completed. The objective was gained, but the price was high. Peterson does not know what became of his lieutenant. He saw two men carrying the officer back to the dressing station. Sergeant Peterson also was carried to a dressing station and then to a French hospital at Base No. 1. Later he was taken to Base Hospital No. 27, where he enjoyed himself greatly, his wounds ceasing to bother him. He was sent to the 374th Casuals at Brest, and from there shipped to the U. S. A. by SS. North Carolina. He is enjoying life at Camp Merritt Base Hospital and suffers not at all from ennui. He will be transferred to a hospital near his home in the Windy City shortly, and from there be discharged with honor from the United States Army. The Sergeant proposes to hold on to his trophies.

(To be continued)

PUBLICITY DEPT. GOV'T LOAN ORGANIZATION

Liberty Loan Committee

120 Broadway, New York

A DRIVE FOR PROSPERITY

Written exclusively for THE MESS-KIT

We have had four Liberty Loan drives, not to mention German drives and a few little drives of our own in France. Now we come to the Victory Loan drive, which starts April 21st. There's this distinction about this campaign which must attract everybody, in service or out; *this is a drive for Prosperity!*

While the war was on it wasn't hard to stir people into pushing, with every ounce of their strength, Liberty Loan drives. They were campaigns to finance war. We had our fighting blood up. Suppose, however, that in the midst of one of the previous loan campaigns the Government had stepped in and announced that as soon as the loan was floated the fighting would stop, with victory won, and a period of prosperity would begin. The rush for subscription booths would have swamped all facilities to sell bonds. An era of Prosperity always is the most popular period of existence.

Americans, therefore, ought to support the Victory Loan even more wholeheartedly, if possible, than they did the others, for after it is floated Prosperity is certain to set in.

Just now the road to it is cluttered with unpaid bills. War debts are the m. g. nests blocking the way to this objective. The only way to wipe them out is with Victory Notes. From the money derived from the sales of Victory Notes the Government will get enough money to pay the bills for munitions, supplies, and costs of maintenance and transportation, which had reached top figures when the Hun stopped firing.

After these bills are paid manufacturers will take the tarpaulin from the peace machinery and start production and distribution on a basis big enough to give work and profit to everybody. Americans cannot progress, as a nation or as individuals, while there is business stagnation. We must put life into our industries and trades, for our own sakes. Every Victory Note bought during this drive will be a clean, solid punch for a business boom!

The Victory Loan is Everyman's job, for Everyman's benefit. Big and small investors must share the burden alike, to the limit of their abilities. Good times are ahead for all—after we pay the bills!



Dodging Shrapnel

Cambrai. Another hard battle was fought here. Ives and three other men were unloading patients from the machines when a shell burst close by, wounding his three companions. Ives was unharmed and continued at his task until the wounded were transferred. He received a Citation also for this. On September 29 a family party of forty tanks went over the top, Ives and the company following later. Within 24 hours the ambulance unit handled 1,000 wounded, picked up from the field. Fourteen tanks returned out of the forty that started on the trip. At Cambrai the ambulance men had their first experience of driving through gas. Their gas masks were all satisfactory so far as protection was concerned, but, with the eye-glass part attached it was impossible to see the road when driving at night, the road being so full of shell holes that it made hard driving even in broad daylight. Ives will remember as long as any of his experiences how thankful he was that he had his full mask with him on the occasion when he drove into a team of dead horses lying in the road. This team had been dead a long while. When



The Sergeant's Trophies

also got the helmet, belt, and pistol that was formerly the property of the Prussian and holds them as trophies. Lieut. Scott was hit and told Peterson to carry on in his place. Peterson himself was hit by shrapnel and severely wounded, causing him to drop out before the job

The Story of U. S. A. Base Hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J.

By the Historian

(Continued from April Number)

The Medical Service.

The excellent account of the medical service of this hospital, written by Major Edward S. Rimer, M. C., Chief of Medical Service, which already forms an important part of "A History of U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J.," is both too voluminous and too technical for presentation in THE MESS-KIT, and though it suffer somewhat in the process, its compression is unavoidable. We can select only such detail as seems to us of general interest and value. The key-note of Major Rimer's treatment of his subject, clearly emphasized throughout, is the constant, conscientious devotion to the purpose of the service on the part of every member of the commissioned, nursing and enlisted personnel; that purpose being the prevention of the incidence, and control of the spread, of disease; and, in its presence, the employment of the most intelligent and advanced ideas and methods of treatment for its cure. To these ends the whole personnel applied itself, in the most self-abnegating spirit of co-operation, without regard to loss of comfort, over-work, lack of sleep, exposure to infection, sickness and death, in keeping with the finest ideals of American military traditions.

Conditions That Govern.

The relation of a military hospital to the community which it serves—post, camp, or cantonment,—is very different from that of a civil hospital to its community in that whereas in a civil community the great majority of medical cases, that is, those cases not the result of accident, or requiring surgical operation, as, for instance, colds, grip, pneumonia, diarrhoea, scarlet fever and measles, are ordinarily treated in the homes of the people, in a military community practically every case of sickness or injury severe enough to interfere with the patient's working capacity, is treated in hospitals. This means, first, that military communities must have a much larger hospital capacity in relation to population than do civil communities; second, that these military hospitals are subject to greater stress of disease-prevalence than is generally true of civil hospitals; and, third, that the medical service of military hospitals, the department, that is to say, which takes care of the class of cases mentioned, is, contrary to what is true of many civil hospitals, very much more important with respect to the number of patients treated, the magnitude and complexity of its problems, and the relation of those problems to the general welfare of the community, than is the surgical, or any other of the subsidiary services. Consider, in relation to this, that Camp Merritt, by reason of the rapidly transient nature of its population, held here only long enough to equip it and bid it God-speed on its further journey overseas, has served many thousands more than a camp of any other type of the same capacity would serve, and it becomes at once ap-

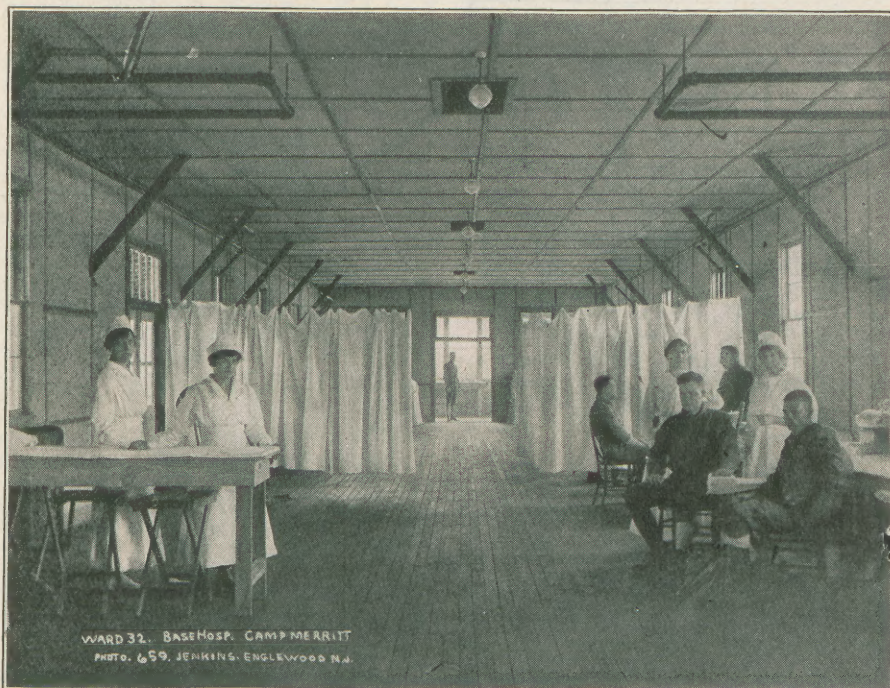
parent why the history of its Base Hospital is fairly well embraced in a series of crises which the medical service has been called upon to cope with.

First Crisis.

The first such crisis arose from the fact that the growth in capacity of the hospital, as sketched in previous numbers of THE MESS-KIT, rapid though it was, by no means kept pace with, nor for many months caught up with, the growth of the camp; hence, in the early few months, the rate of patient admission was very high in proportion to the number of beds available, and the number of doctors, nurses and men on duty.

Early Personnel of Medical Service. The original personnel of the medical service with their respective grades at that time, included: Captain Edward S. Rimer, Chief of Service; Cap-

peculiar administrative problems which it presented, deserves recognition as the next crisis of the service, was the outbreak of contagious disease in epidemic proportions. It is a curious but invariable experience that when large bodies of adults are quickly gathered into new population groups, as in troop concentration, the contagious diseases which in civil practice are usually almost entirely confined to children, such as mumps, scarlet fever, measles and German measles, promptly appear in and seriously ravage these adult groups. With such conditions among our troop population, and even among our own personnel, our hospital had to contend, from the very beginning. In view of this, it was quite appropriate that the very first case of all admitted on the opening day, January 9, 1918, was a case of mumps; and, of the total of 46 admitted on that day, 35 were of contagion. This was the be-



WARD 32, BASE HOSP. CAMP MERRITT
PHOTO. L. S. JENKINS, ENGLEWOOD N.J.

The Ward where Overseas Patients receive special treatment.

tain Percy Bartlett, Ernest F. Krug, Carter S. Cole and H. Lyon Hunt, and 1st Lieuts. Louis J. Ladinski, D. G. Sampson and Edward M. French. Irrespective of the several specialties in which these officers qualified, the exigencies of the service demanded their entire attention for the general medical service, and the hardest, most exacting work on the part of all. The large burden of organization and coordination of effort was the responsibility of the Chief of Service.

Second Crisis.

The second circumstance which, although coincident in time with the first, yet by reason of the difficult and

ginning of a steady flood of such cases which lasted well through April, 1918, before declining to the more or less steady low rate which obtains at all times.

Rapid Evacuations.

The constant in-flooding of enormous numbers of cases in relation to limited bed space meant that they had to be promptly gotten rid of, and there was thus constituted the distinct problem of "evacuation," or sending out these patients to other hospitals at the very earliest possible moment that they could with safety be moved. This, of course, entailed serious responsibility and an inordinate amount of work on the

medical staff; for though the stay of patients here was thus of the briefest, it had to suffice, in each case, for careful diagnostic observation, full clinical recording, and discriminating classification as to physical fitness for removal.

Some Statistics.

As a partial numerical indication of the scope of all this work, there were handled here, to November 1, 1918, 1,800 cases of mumps; to September 19, 1918, 441 cases of pneumonia of the non-influenzal varieties; weekly admissions of scarlet fever cases were as high as 137 cases; in three months, 221 cases of diphtheria; to November 1, 1918, 746 cases of measles and German measles; and, on one day, February 14, 1918, 139 cases of scarlet fever alone were sent to General Hospital No. 9, at Lakewood, N. J. For two months, mumps were sent out to other hospitals practically every day, the daily number being sometimes as high as 40. There were, at this time, also, frequent evacuations of non-contagious cases in groups of 50 to 75, in addition to these transfers of contagious cases.

Death Rate Very Low.

The special measures used for the quarantining and other control of these infectious diseases, and the skilled modern treatment employed cannot be discussed here in detail, but will be somewhat dwelt upon later with relation to the handling of the influenza epidemic at this hospital. It is sufficient to point out that, even allowing for the fact that our sick represented for the most part exceptionally vigorous young male adults, the death incidence was unusually low as compared with ordinary civil-experience in the same type of disease.

Physical Disability Board Activities.

As the flood of troops embarking for overseas through Camp Merritt increased to its peak in the Fall of 1918, just prior to the signing of the armistice, there was super-imposed on the hospital an entirely new function—that of disposing of those unfitted by physical infirmities for overseas service. By reason of the varying standards of carefulness and competence of the local draft examining boards in various localities, the tremendous pressure of work on the examining surgeons in concentration camps and cantonments, and the influence of the strain of training in those camps in developing previously unrecognized disabilities, there were discovered by the rigorous physical examinations under the direction of the Camp Surgeon hundreds of cases of soldiers who had reached the embarkation point with the largest imaginable variety of conditions unfitting them for their strenuous duties abroad; moreover, there is strong reason to suspect that organization commanders saw here their last chance for ridding their commands of undesirables on the sometimes mere pretext of disability. In order to protect alike the interest of the Government and the soldier, it was arranged that all these cases, irrespective of the nature and degree of their disabilities, should be admitted to the hospital, their cases thoroughly investigated by means of all the facilities for observation and study there afforded, and finally, be disposed by the military authorities according to their degree of fitness as determined by an examining board of medical officers at the hospital.

For this purpose an "S. C. D. Board"

(these dispositions are made on "Surgeon's Certificate of Disability"), consisting of at first three members, of which the Chief of Medical Service was president, and Major Bartlett, Chief of Surgical Service, a member, was early formed at the hospital, and, during the Spring and early Summer of 1918, followed its work in rather desultory fashion, the cases being indiscriminately scattered through the hospital.

By the end of the summer, however, the rate of passage of troops through the camp and the consequent number of these cases increased to such an extent that it became necessary to undertake the organization of this work in such a manner as should ensure the highest possible expedition and efficiency. As a result of investigation of the conditions prevailing, and several conferences of the administrative heads, the membership of the board was increased to five, separate wards were allotted for the segregation of these cases, a special clerical force organized, a complete system of recording instituted and an officer specially detailed to oversee the working out without slip of the whole arrangement.

By these means it was possible to speed

sent overseas with casual replacement detachments.

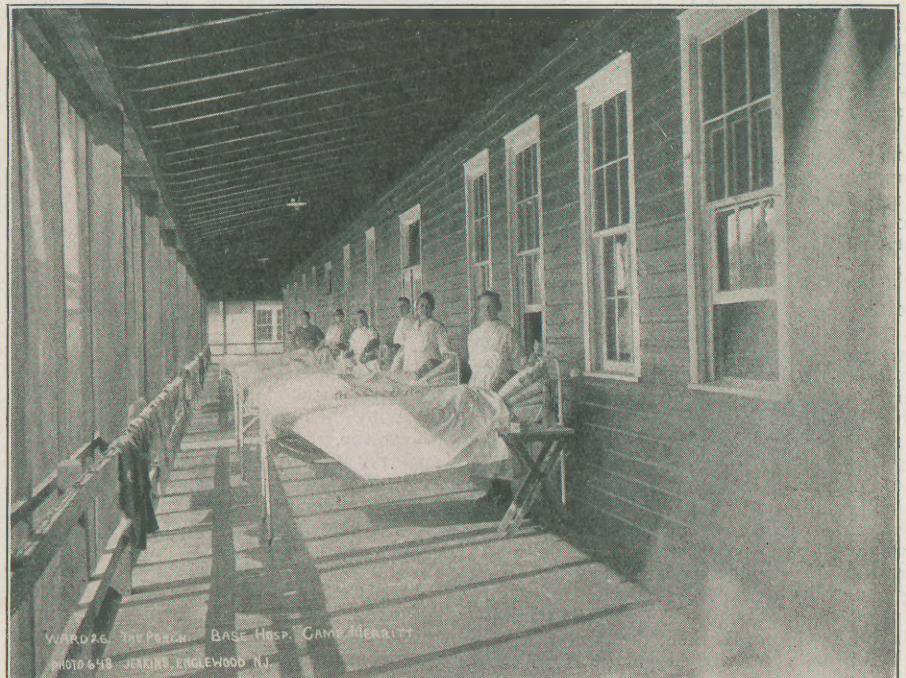
(b) Those who had slight disabilities only were designated for "domestic service" and sent to development battalions at Camp Dix, where they either underwent such physical training as would remove their disabilities and permit their return to a full duty status, or were assigned to organizations where their duties would not be in excess of their physical capabilities.

(c) Those whose condition demanded prolonged hospital care were sent to general hospitals.

(d) Those with old disabilities of such nature that hospital treatment would not promise relief, were released from the service.

Upon the signing of the armistice and the cessation of the exportation of troops, the work of the board almost as abruptly fell off, and while the board still exists, and occasionally functionates in relation to the few cases occurring sporadically among the patients, its activity as a distinct phase of hospital work has terminated.

(To be Continued.)



Patients on Porch, getting the benefit of fresh air and sunshine. All Wards at this hospital have these porches.

up the work of the board so that, without sacrifice of care and thoroughness in the consideration of each case, it became possible to dispose of as many as 60 cases at a session; these sessions were held on alternate days, the intervening time being devoted by the board members to preliminary ward observation of the cases. The scope of the work is best indicated by the fact that for a considerable period the capacity of six wards was overtaxed to accommodate this class of patients, in spite of their rapid handling and disposition.

The mode of disposition was as follows:

(a) Those whose disabilities were considered by the board as non-existent or trifling, were returned to full duty and

"Get ready and the chance will come." —(Lincoln.) Save intelligently and put your savings into interest-bearing, absolutely safe investments—Thrift and War-Savings Stamps. Then that chance will find you ready.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Little strokes fell great oaks." Every Thrift Stamp brings nearer a War-Savings Stamp.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Look before or you'll find yourself behind." Budgets make margins for W. S. S.

Benjamin Franklin said: "All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful." Save with Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

Work of the Sick and Wounded Office, Camp Merritt Base Hospital

By Corporal Elbert C. Bryson

The Office of the Detachment of Patients can truthfully and fittingly be called "The Mart of Information" of the hospital. Composed of two distinct sections; the Service Record Department and the Sick and Wounded Department (occupying opposite sides of the commodious office allotted to it); its files cover all phases of the history of the patients under treatment at present and the thousands who have been cared for in the past. It is indeed an Intelligence Bureau open to those desiring records pertaining to the sick, and as the business of a hospital is obviously centered about its patients, it can readily be deduced that an office engaged along such lines must be one of great importance, and of constant activity.

It is to the Sick and Wounded Section that inquirers turn their steps to ascertain the whereabouts of such and such a soldier, or perhaps to gain a knowledge of the nature of his illness and its severity, or if he is no longer here, when and where he was sent. On the other hand, some question may have arisen regarding his medical history, and from his clinical brief, filed away with thousands of others, the requested answer is found. In fact, practically all of the data in regard to patients is attainable through the medium of this office.

First, on the admission of a disabled soldier, in the receiving ward, he is given a number, and henceforth all information regarding his case bears this numerical reference. An index card is made denoting the number that his case bears, and this is filed alphabetically in a file which forms the keystone of the complete office system. If he re-enters at any time the new number is also entered on the same card, facilitating the finding of all data referring to him, in all his career as a patient. In co-ordination with this master file are various others, recording the age, nativity, length of service, date and source of admission, disposition, diagnosis, address, etc., besides the file of medical histories forwarded to the Sick and Wounded Secretary from the wards, on the completion of the treatment of the patient here.

An information desk is maintained which supplies visitors with the location of their friends, relatives, or fellow-comrades, and also aids the distributors of mail and telegrams to place these communications in the glad, eager hands of their rightful owners.

Numerous and varied reports, both telegraphic and written, are daily and weekly compiled and executed, embodying statistics regarding admissions, discharges, population, vacant bed capacity, special diseases, etc., formed from individual ward reports forwarded to the office each morning, and from data composed from reports of the receiving ward. These reports are in turn forwarded to other branches of the hospital, to the Camp Surgeon's Office, and to the office of the Surgeon at Headquarters, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.

In the advent of an epidemic of a communicable disease additional close daily reports are compiled, until the cause has been located and mastered, and conditions once more return to their normal state. Also the files of the office greatly assist investigators along certain diseases, and help greatly in the study of methods of alleviating unnecessary pain and of striving to stamp out the disease under observation. Statistics are also available whereby the results of different forms of treatment can be compared. In the recent epidemic of Influenza, for example, much research work was accomplished through the use of the files of this office.

Each month a Sick and Wounded Report, giving a numerical, chronological list of all patients admitted during the month, is accomplished, accompanied by cards bearing concise histories of all cases under treatment during the month, with the disposition, and total number of days lost through disability. This entails many hours of exhaustive labor where such a large number of patients are cared for. (Since the opening of the hospital on January 9, 1918, over 40,000 patients have been enrolled.)

The planning of the destination of patients returning to duty or for transfer to other hospitals also falls to this office. Each day the "briefs" of patients to be discharged are sent from the wards to the office, and there are sorted and tabulated as to where they shall be sent. Transfer cards are made out, and are put in the hands of the receiving ward and there are checked with the patients and sent with them to their commands. Lists are written as to the distribution of patients for the following day and are delivered to the various offices, such as the Property Office, Service Record Office, etc., so that their equipment and service records can be prepared ready to accompany them back to their stations.

Since the Armistice has been signed, and troops have been returning to their homeland, this hospital has been serving as a debarkation center for the sick and wounded fighters, and it has been the task of the Sick and Wounded Office to segregate the allotted portion that have been sent to this hospital, recording them as to their home states and preparing their records in order to evacuate them to hospitals as near as possible to their homes. As the detailed system used in this work has been very clearly and aptly explained in a previous article published in this magazine, this work is only briefly mentioned in order to give a full synopsis of the various activities that the Sick and Wounded Office has to cope with.

Another important branch of its work is that of answering the many military and private letters that are daily received concerning the location, condition, diagnoses, etc., of patients, coming from inquiring military authorities, or from anxious home folks. This influx of correspondence adds another to the duties of the Sick and Wounded Section.

The Service Record Section, as its name implies, has chiefly to do with the soldiers' service records, and to the civilian populace, let me lay stress on the importance of this record. The service record goes wherever the man goes, and contains the history of his entire military career, from the day of his enlistment to his present position. His qualifications, promotions, demotions, punishments, records of enlistment and transfer, and of pay, clothing issues and remarks on his character as a soldier, are all to be found with his service record. By this it can be plainly seen that it is a valuable document, both to him and to his commander, and as far as possible is forwarded whenever his command may change. It is the duty of the Service Record Section to receive these records of the patients, keep them on file, and immediately upon his discharge from the hospital, to forward them to the organization to which he is transferred.

Beside this, however, it has many other duties to perform, and they are wide and varied.

Upon the death of a patient, certificates, records, and letters are written by the Service Record Secretary, and all future correspondence regarding the deceased is handled by this office. Letters of condolence and answers to letters from fond relatives relating to the last words of their boy, are answered and sent from this office also.

The clothing and effects of the deceased are handled through this office, the effects being inventoried and then shipped to the Effects Quartermaster, at Headquarters, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., to be properly disposed of there.

Prior to the signing of the Armistice, when the troops were passing through this camp on their way "Over There," an S. C. D. Board convened here at the hospital, and unfit soldiers were discharged on Surgeons' Certificates of Disability. The final statements and papers were drawn up and signed by the soldier, here also.

Patients well enough to be allowed a furlough, and having obtained the proper permission and authority, being granted one, come to the Service Record Office, and here it is filled out and signed.

Now, all this detail work requires a vast amount of efficient clerical service, and clever systematizing, which has meant days of strenuous, effectual toil; the laboring day often extending far into the night. So a glance at the growth of the office and its personnel, keeping pace with the enlargement of the hospital and the augmentation of the sick population, will not be amiss.

First, a short history of the succession of officers who have been in charge of the Office of the Detachment of Patients, since the infancy of this institution, and who have shown such commendable administrative ability.

The officer holding the position of Commanding Officer, Detachment of Patients, is known as the Registrar, and the

charter Registrar of this hospital was Captain (now Major) Wallace C. Dyer. He ably occupied this chair until April 8, 1918, on which date he was transferred to U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Mills, N. Y., where he now holds the office of Chief of Head-Surgery Section.

Succeeding Captain Dyer came First Lieut. William B. Tatum, who acted in the capacity of Registrar for the short space of time until May 3, 1918, when he was appointed Adjutant of the Hospital, the position he at present holds.

given a leave of absence. On his return he re-entered the Medical Service, and has also served in various other such capacities as Auditor, Loan Officer, etc.

As has already been remarked, the Sick and Wounded Department and the Service Record Section are closely affiliated, and occupy the same office room. They have always been from the start coalesced in their work, and although not always sharing the same office, have held adjoining ones.

At the birth of this hospital on January

Sgt. 1/c Otis K. Asher.

Pvt. (now Cpl.) George E. Hackett.

About February 20th, 1918, the quarters becoming too crowded to adequately accommodate the rapidly increasing work, the Sick and Wounded Section moved to a separate office in the extreme left of the same building, formerly occupied by the dispensary, which moved to a larger room in the Receiving Ward. The Service Record Section also moved to the room adjoining.

After getting settled in these new



A Corner of the Sick and Wounded Office.

From left to right—Pvt. Henry Howard, Pvt. John F. Devereux, Sgt. Harry A. Murray, Jr., Sgt. Martin A. Heingartner, Cpl. George E. Hackett, Pvt. Raymond E. Baer, Pvt. Guy Bennett, Pvt. 1/c George Scollins, Sgt. 1/c Joseph Gebhard, Cpl. Fortis L. Newcomb, Cpl. Elbert C. Bryson, Hosp. Sgt. Roy Spivey, Pvt. Joseph Greenburg.

First Lieut. Thomas J. Bush followed in sequence, and was in power as Registrar until August 17, 1918, at which time he was relieved from his clerical duties and returned to his former and more congenial work in the Surgical Service, being replaced by Captain Isaac J. Jones. Captain Jones held the status of Registrar until Dec. 2, 1918, when the present Commanding Officer of the Detachment of Patients, Lieut. Walter B. Mount, was inaugurated into office, Capt. Jones being

9, 1918, the combined Sick and Wounded and Service Record Office was a small room in the central part of the Administration Building (now occupied by the Filing Office), and contained the following personnel:

Sick and Wounded Office:

Sgt. 1/c (now Hosp. Sgt.) John E. Bartlett.

Cpl. (now Hosp. Sgt.) Roy Spivey.

Pvt. 1/c (now Sgt.) Harry A. Murray, Jr.

Service Record Section:

quarters the personnel of both offices, both having increased and changed, was composed of the following:

Sick and Wounded Office:

Sgt. 1/c (now Hosp. Sgt.) John E. Bartlett.

Cpl. (now Hosp. Sgt.) Roy Spivey.

Pvt. 1/c (now Sgt.) Harry A. Murray, Jr.

Pvt. 1/c (now Cpl.) Fortis L. Newcomb.

Pvt. (now Cpl.) Walter K. Ward.

Pvt. (now Cpl.) Elbert C. Bryson.

Sgt. 1/c (now Master Hosp. Sgt) Harold W. Hayes.
 Pvt. 1/c (now Cpl.) George E. Hackett.
 Pvt. 1/c Edward A. Estaver.
 Pvt. Arthur Martinez.

Being still cramped for the room necessary to compete with the ever increasing volume of work, a wing was built onto the rear of the right end of the building, and on July 24, 1918, the new and present home of the combined Sick and Wounded and Service Record Office was ready for occupancy. It is a large, convenient, well lighted, modern office with plenty of room for expansion, and here in this office may be found the following personnel, quadrupled in number over that of a year ago:

Hospital Sergeant Roy Spivey (in immediate charge of the entire office force), whose energy and efficiency has so greatly aided to build up the effectual, perfected systems in use in the varied lines of work of the office.

Sick and Wounded Section:

Sgt. 1/c Joseph W. Gebhard.
 Sgt. Harry A. Murray, Jr.
 Cpl. Elbert C. Bryson.
 Cpl. Fortis L. Newcomb.
 Cpl. Walter K. Ward.
 Pvt. 1/c George Scollins.
 Pvt. 1/c Walter G. Thoreen.
 Pvt. 1/c Ralph E. Driscoll.
 Pvt. Raymond J. Baer.
 Pvt. Guy A. Bennett.
 Pvt. John F. Devereux.
 Pvt. Joseph Greenberg.
 Pvt. Howard K. Kirk.

Service Record Section:

Sgt. Lawrence W. Howard.
 Sgt. Martin A. Heingartner.
 Cpl. George E. Hackett.
 Cpl. Clark A. Blose.
 Cpl. Walter B. Mahan.
 Pvt. 1/c Joseph F. Butterfield.
 Pvt. 1/c Foster K. Haines.
 Pvt. 1/c John A. Lamberg.
 Pvt. 1/c Stewart I. Robinson.
 Pvt. 1/c Frank T. Rose.
 Pvt. 1/c Leroy Townsend.
 Pvt. Henry J. Howard.
 Pvt. Arthur Richter.

By toiling long and tedious hours these combined office forces have accomplished almost unbelievable tasks, having surmounted every conjuncture and exigency that have arisen, and through strenuous efforts of concentrated labor have helped to keep the gears of the vast system of the work of the Port of Embarkation free from clogging, both in the embarking and debarking of the millions who have passed through, on and from their mission of enforcing peace and democracy.

Thrift is a double protection for wage earners. It not only leads to independence, but it produces those accumulations of capital upon which, husbanded and invested by savings institutions, the industries of the country, and consequently the opportunity for labor must depend. Practice thrift by buying Thrift Stamps and War-Savings Stamps.

Thrift is threefold—wise buying, sane saving, and secure investment. The man who starves that he may save is not thrifty; he is foolhardy; for he destroys his capacity to earn and hence to save. The thrifty man spends wisely, and thereby increases his capacity to earn—and save. Spend wisely, save intelligently, and put your savings into Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

French for Soldiers

By the Editor

Sketch by Pvt. 1/c Thomas Prince

Lesson III.

Let us devote this third lesson in the French language to a study of food. Surely a pleasant subject, n'est-ce pas, monsieur? It is true that Corporal George Hackett has suggested that we devote some space to such dialogue as "Qui est cette dame?" pronounced, "Kee ay set darm?" meaning, "Who is this lady?" but George's preferences must not weigh here. The Commanding Officer, Base Hospital, settled George in an epigram some time ago, thus: "Wherever there's a skirt, you'll find George Hackett!" Next month we will take some pains to satisfy George's sense of "Place aux Dames." Just at this moment, Sergeant Lawrence Howard has the floor. A deceptive man, looking delicate. As a fact he has the digestion of an ostrich. Behold him then, sitting down to his meal. Let it be supposed that the meal is to be served in a restaurant, with a waiter in attendance. This will be a joyous imagining for Sergeant Howard, and we have him with us, so to speak, from the start. We are secure of his interest in this lesson.

"Garçon," pronounced "Garsong," meaning "Waiter," he calls.

"Que desirez vous, monsieur?" pronounced "Ker dayzeeray voo, msyer?" meaning "What do you wish, sir?"

"Je voudrais quelque chose a manger, a boire," pronounced "Jer voodray kelk shoze ar marngjay, ar bwawr," meaning "I should like something to eat, to drink," says the sergeant, and continues with a zest, "Apportez-moi du pain frais et du beurre," pronounced "Apportay mwar deu pang fray ay deu ber," meaning "Bring me some fresh bread and butter."

Sergeant Howard is, as one might say, settling to work. Remembering that he is not in the mess hall, he adds: "Ou se trouve la serviette?" pronounced "Oo ser troove lar sairveeyet?" meaning "Where does one find the napkin?" But the waiter is doubtful of his tip, and rejoins, "Vous n'avez pas besoin d'une serviette," pronounced "Voo navvay par bizwang dune sairveeyet," meaning "You have no need of a napkin."

Sergeant Howard does not choose to waste further time in unprofitable talk. He says sharply, "Apportez-moi de la viande vivement," pronounced "Apportay mwar der lar veearn veevmang," meaning "Bring me some meat right away," adding, "Avec des pommes de terre, des oignons, des choux-fleurs ou des choux. Je suis bien presse. Un biftek saignant, et donnez-moi un verre d'eau," pronounced "avek day pom der tare, daze wanyong, day shoo-fler oo day shoo. Jer swee beeang pressay. Urn biftek sanyang, ay donnay mwar urn vare do," meaning "With some potatoes, and onions and some cauliflower or cabbage. I am in a great hurry. A rare beefsteak, and bring me a glass of water."

The waiter says politely, "Bien, monsieur," and goes, returning with the viands. For the next half-hour Sergeant Howard is pleasantly engaged. With a sigh, he says: "Garçon, je prendrai maintenant une tasse de cafe," pronounced "Garsong, jer prandray mantenang oon tass der kaffay," meaning "Waiter, I will take now a cup of coffee." "Du cafe au lait, monsieur?" the waiter inquires. The sergeant replies, "Non, du cafe noir, sans sucre," pronounced "Nong, deu kaffay

nwar, sang sukr," meaning "No, some black coffee, without sugar."

When the coffee is brought, Sergeant Howard's tone is still mellow, and it is with gentleness that he says: "Donnez-moi la note," pronounced "Donnay mwar lar note," meaning "Bring me the bill."



Sergeant Howard and the Bill

It is perhaps not in the best of taste for us to mention that the sergeant's face hardens to a certain rigidity as he peruses the bill and adds up the items. He glances up at the waiter. There is no hint now of mellowness in his voice as he says sharply: "Il y a une erreur dans l'addition," pronounced "Eeleear oon ayter dang lad-dee-see-yong," meaning "There is a mistake in this bill." "Mais, monsieur," protests the waiter feebly, spreading out his hands. He had not looked for such prompt detection in iniquity. The sergeant continues: "C'est trois francs cinquante au lieu de quatre francs vingt, n'est-ce pas?" pronounced "Say trwar frang sankant o lyer der katr frang vant," meaning "It is three francs fifty centimes instead of four francs twenty centimes." The waiter bows his head. "Vous avez raison, monsieur," says he humbly, not a little disconcerted that the man in uniform knew how to add up the score correctly. It does not become us to inquire if the waiter received a tip. One may, of course, hazard a guess. The bill presented to Sergeant Howard was for 82 cents. The right amount, as the sergeant pointed out, was 70 cents.

It looks like a whale of a meal for 70 cents, but the sergeant is of thrifty New England stock and dislikes to be imposed upon, even to the extent of twelve cents overcharge. Our guess is that the garçon receives no "pourboire" on that occasion. Let it be a lesson to him, as this has been a lesson to you. Follow closely the happiness of Sergeant Howard in his ordering of the dinner. If you cannot share his enjoyment of the meal, try to get some relish out of the sound of the words as he uttered them. You never know when your turn will come. If your daily dinner depended upon a knowledge of how to order a dinner in the French language you would be a fluent speaker of that tongue in a week. Unless you would care for some cheese (fromage), or some apples (pommes), or some pears (poires), you may get up from the table. The meal is over.

(To be continued)

Merritt Hall

Beef and Books, Both Medium and Rare

By the Doughboy

(Continued from April MESS-KIT.)

The doughboy's tray was loaded and hardly gave room for the small change his dinner had left out of the crisp dollar bill. It was a real balancing act to pass between tables and find a seat. A heavy sea was in the coffee and a sweet roll was threatening to take a dirty roll on the floor, when the captain seated with two civilians beckoned him to the remaining seat at their table. With great

tray," observed the captain, quaffing his second cup of coffee.

"Oh, only about six hundred pies and seven hundred cakes a day," replied the food expert, unconcernedly, "not to mention the fountain there, which has sold as high as five hundred gallons of ice cream in a day."

The other civilian had listened to all that had been said with interest, but it

has placed the library in the next room, and I am proud to represent a work that is doing such great things for the Army. I will not emphasize the quantity of our equipment and work, although with over fourteen thousand volumes on our shelves and ninety-three periodicals on our tables, we need not be ashamed, but I would like to call your attention to the values and qualities that certain facts reveal. We are reaching and holding a new reading public. This library, because of its unusual location in the same building with these other activities, gets into contact with men who would otherwise never visit it. We are discovering that the men of this Army are serious. The average public library does well if it has ten per cent. of its loaned books of the non-fiction class, while right here in Camp Merritt, with every shade of fiction available, we make it a fifty-fifty break between fiction and non-fiction. When I tell you that we have at this time over five hundred books on automobile construction and operation loaned, you will appreciate the force of what I am saying. Our library is always filled with men. Watch them as they browse among the works on travel, business, engineering, philosophy and religion. The questions we answer every day show that these men are looking forward to their vocations with earnestness and enthusiasm. We are doing here what thousands of libraries have been trying to do, with only partial success, and that is to make the printed page democratic rather than aristocratic."

"About all men need is a chance to be exposed to good reading, and it will take," added the captain.

"That's a fact," exclaimed the doughboy. "I've read more in this Hall in one week than I read at home in a year."



Merritt Hall, the Enlisted Men's Club of Camp Merritt, N. J. Supervised by Army Chaplains.

relief he deposited his tray, put his cap in his pocket and started on the soup. The conversation was resumed.

"As manager of the cafeteria end of this Hall," stated the younger of the two civilians, "I know what this service means in expense and labor. We employ over fifty civilians in the kitchen and at the counter at a monthly expense of thirty-four hundred dollars. We feed from five to six thousand men every day and only our completely modern facilities makes it possible."

"How do you keep prices so reasonably low?" asked the Captain as he set aside his emptied soup bowl and began operations on a generous slice of rare roast beef.

"Well," continued the manager, "you see, we make service the first thing. This is for the benefit of the soldiers first, last and all the time. Foodstuffs are high, but we buy the best, buy in quantities and sell close. You can realize what it would mean to serve less than the best when it is the case of putting out four hundred and fifty dozen eggs for one breakfast."

"Me for the grown-up egg," interjected the doughboy. "Chicken like this makes me homesick, for it has that 'like-mother-used-to-make' taste about it, and this dressing is the real stuff."

The manager looked pleased and replied: "It is an accomplishment to have food taste like that to a man. Cooking ten dozen chickens and getting such a compliment from the boys cheers up the cooks."

"Coming so heavy on the substantial foods, you perhaps don't sell much pas-

was evident to all that he had now come to the point of expression, and they gave respectful attention as he cleared his throat and began.

"Enough cannot be said in praise of this part of Merritt Hall," he said. "It is as important relatively as the function of the stomach is in the human body, but we are told that 'man shall not live by



The Library at Merritt Hall.

bread alone,' and no truer word was ever spoken. The people of this country realize this. It is our national idealism. Good books have a high place in the growth of morale and contentment of men. The American Library Association

"It is gratifying to know that the beef helps the books," said the manager with a smile.

"We serve brains every day," was the answer shot back by the departing librarian.

The Knights of Columbus in Camp, and Hospital

By W. O. REED

Assistant K. of C. Field Secretary.

(Continued from April MESS-KIT)

Last month's article told you what an enormous amount of creature comforts the Knights of Columbus had shipped overseas to help the restless sick and wounded soldier pass some of the time that hangs so heavily on those that are confined to sick wards, or the convalescent that so eagerly looks for the day when he is marked back to his company—and duty. This month's article will deal with another phase of the situation.

Anybody who remarks that the American Expeditionary Forces are not now more eager than ever before for war relief work in the shape of clean sports does not, to say the least, know what he is talking about. Observers returning from France, where they had an opportunity of getting many close-ups of the American fighting man, return with the verdict, substantiated by volumes of evidence, that the doughboy considers sport the salvation of his many, long, waiting hours. Without baseball and boxing and the other manly means of competition, but especially those two forms of athletics, your sons and brothers and husbands on the other side would be a bored and disgruntled crowd. With baseball and boxing they are the cheerfullest bunch of watchful waiters or waiting watchers that the world has ever known.

It is something, indeed, to be able to record that the grand old national pastime has been played on the banks of the Rhine. When the hoary old barons of German history built their famous castles that make the Rhine scenery look like an ad. for some spotless cleanser, they did not dream that one or two or three or four centuries later (a few centuries don't make much difference to our story) wide-eyed little Teutons would be gazing spellbound under the shadows of these castles, watching jovial Yankee fighting men engaged in the combat of the diamond. And many an American boy who played last on some corner lot back home before he took up a rifle in the greatest game of all, did not know that his next curse hurled at an arbitrary umpire would be echoed up against the ancient banks of the river Cæsar crossed hundreds of moons ago. It's a wonderful world!

There are now hundreds of Knights of Columbus secretaries serving our boys in the Rhineland with all manner of athletic supplies. Up at Altweid, Remagen, Coblenz, Treves and in other historic cities, K. of C. clubhouses are located and each clubhouse serves as a sort of depot where the athletic equipment, besides the stores of K-C candy, cigarettes, stationery, etc., are stored. These clubhouses are also athletic headquarters for the boys forming units of the American army of occupation in these areas.

An instance of the businesslike way in which the Knights get their athletic equipment to the front occurred in Paris recently at K-C athletic headquarters on

the Rue Malherbe. Captain Frank Sieh of Aberdeen, S. D., chanced in and requested that something be done for his men in the athletic line. Jake Carey, the well-known fight promoter of Rochester, N. Y., now in charge of K-C athletics abroad, asked the captain whether the athletic goods in a sample packing case would suit.

"Fine!" said Captain Sieh, his eyes widening over the prospect before his men, who had fought their way hard and fast through the German lines a few weeks before.



*William P. Larkin of New York City
Director K. of C. War Work in America*

"All right," said Carey, "you shall have that case."

The Captain shouted his delight.

"And two more like it," said Carey.

The cases of athletic goods, with other large packages containing the usual K-C repertoire of small luxuries, were hoisted on a K-C truck that night and sent away to join the captain's outfit way up near the German border. On the following afternoon the lusty boys of an entire Yankee battalion were disporting themselves with footballs, baseball bats and gloves and spheres, medicine balls and boxing gloves.

It is strange how soccer has made a

headway with the American troops. The Knights have sent over a thousand soccer balls abroad, in addition to something like five or six thousand American footballs. The soccer balls have had a hard time at the feet of the boys. Although the game is not widely played in the United States it is probable that the returning boys will popularize it—they have certainly adopted it with zest abroad whenever they had the opportunity of doing so.

There have been times, and many of them, when a baseball at the front stood emphatically for morals with a capital M, and stories are told that fractious German prisoners have, before now, been quelled by stout K-C baseball bats bearing the autograph of the renowned John Evers. Numerous and exciting are the baseball contests under K-C auspices between teams from different companies, battalions, regiments and divisions. They are a most important part of the general programme of diversion for our lads.

And as for boxing, no sport is more popular with the men. Almost literally, they eat it up. At the Cinema des Arts and the Salle Wagram, Paris, where the Knights conduct weekly boxing tournaments, the boys jam the house, applauding vociferously at the success of the buddies against the French poilus, while the French spectators, who are numerous though never a majority, cheer on their fighting compatriots.

So successful has been the K-C boxing programme that American General Headquarters has notified the Knights that they are to have sole charge of all boxing with the A. E. F. A plan is now in operation the result of which will be the holding of a great championship tournament—men of different weights from the various divisions of the A. E. F. competing for K. of C. trophies. The competition will be similar to that conducted between the British and American forces in London, when Knights of Columbus athletic instructors played a large part in grooming the American boys to make a fine showing.

There is, also, as a sort of piece de resistance of the K. of C. programme of outdoor sports for the men of the A. E. F. the great regatta to be held on the Seine. Rowers of the army and navy will compete for K-C trophies. The teams are now being trained by K-C experts like Varley, who won the world's sculling championship at the St. Louis World's Fair. Johnson, the great oarsman, is also aiding in the production of the regatta which, if the great success it promises to be, will be repeated on the Rhine for the benefit of the boys forming the body of the army of occupation.

All told, the Knights are just as eager to give the boys all the athletic nourishment they demand as the boys are to get it. And it pays. Those who have seen the plan of intense athletic diversion in operation, know that it pays. Take any

American citizen, male or female, who contributed five dollars to the K. of C. war fund. Let him or her visit some American camp in France and see that five dollars being kicked all over the landscape by the soldier or sailor in whom she or he is most interested. I'll wager she'll declare or he'll announce that the five dollars in football form or baseball form is the best investment he or she ever made.

German prisoners have told me that our boys went through a worse hell than they would ever have endured. The French and British, who, after a four years' strain, are not given to admiring anybody very much, will certainly say something of the same kind. And what's the reason? Here it is. Let it be printed in italics: *The great battles in France were won on the back lots of America and the Knights of Columbus, by providing means for the boys to continue their national games abroad, have contributed in no small way to the victory that belongs most especially to those boys. And by providing a constant stream of athletic supplies, the Knights are keeping the boys contented with their lot as sentinels over the humiliated but rather fractious enemy.*

And this is an important point. The work of the K. of C. by no means ended with the signing of the armistice. On the contrary, some of the most useful days the organization has known lie in the immediate future.

During the terrible times of the "Flu" epidemic the staff of Camp Merritt Base Hospital was worked day and night, and General Secretary Neary realized the fact that more secretaries were needed to do justice to the increased work in the now overcrowded hospital. "Smiles" Eccleson, who spent seven months in the hospitals of France; Joe Tully, who was brought on from Raritan, and Captain Wisher, a newcomer, were added to the staff and a regular visiting schedule arranged, which is now being carried out daily, to the great satisfaction of patients and nurses alike, for the smiling faces of the K. of C. secretaries are always as welcome as the flowers in May.

(To be continued)

Lincoln said: "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." Nothing finer could be said of this generation of Americans than that it plucked the thistle of waste and planted in its stead the flower of intelligent saving and investment in Thrift and War-Savings Stamps.

Adopt for yourself the personal idea of thrift — right saving and thoughtful spending. Include your country's financial welfare by using the National Thrift idea—War-Savings Stamps. Think of yourself and your earning power as a National Asset. There is no finer patriotism than this.

Common sense saves common cents. Put your common sense into wise buying and you'll have common cents to put into Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

A dime to many a young American does not mean 2 nickels or 10 pennies. Money to American youth has value only in that it immediately buys something. Money spent unwisely is gone forever; money put in Thrift Stamps and W. S. S. returns with more.

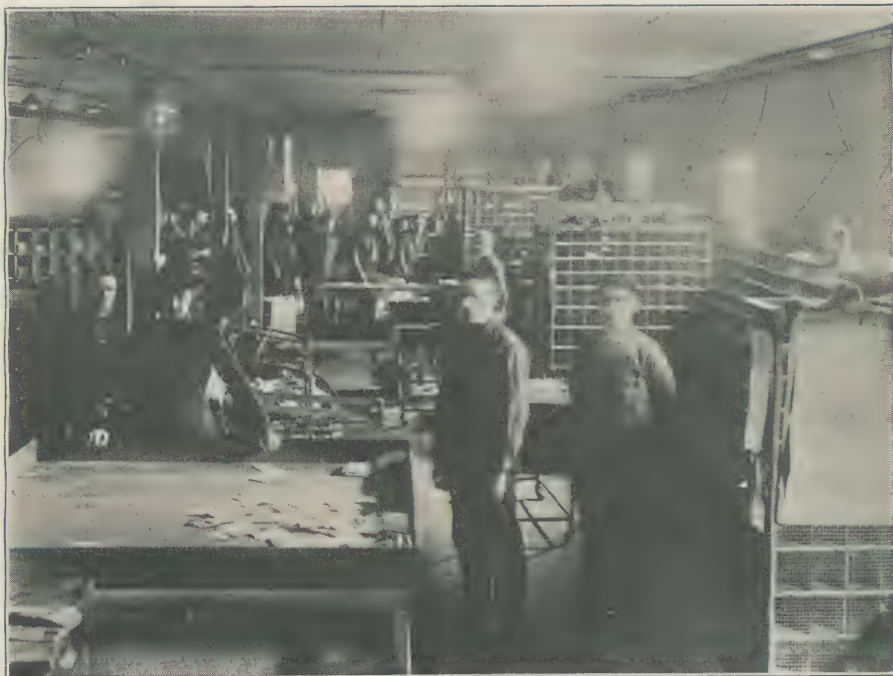
The Camp Post Office

By Sgt. Ronahan,
Postmaster at the Base Hospital.

The Post Office staff at Camp Merritt, which is not to be confused with the Post Office at Camp Merritt Base Hospital, has increased from its beginning of four men, in charge of Thomas F. Malloy, postmaster, to its present personnel of twenty-seven employees. The policy of the Post Office Department at Washington is to make all camp post offices branches of the post offices of the first class in the nearest large town, and Camp Merritt accordingly comes under the jurisdiction

Mr. William McKernan, has handled over 75,000 pieces of registered mail since its opening, and does a monthly business of 14,000 registered letters.

Mr. Wilson B. Lee is supervisor of the Special Delivery Department, assisted by Messrs. Aubrey L. Garner, from Charlotte, N. C., and William F. Judge, from Boston, Mass. Mr. Lee is rounding out his thirty-first year in post office service, which is a very satisfactory record of duty performed in itself.



The Sorting Room, Camp Merritt Post Office.

of Jersey City so far as its post office is concerned.

The work done at Camp Merritt Post Office equals the work done at the post office of a city of 300,000 people.

The Money Order Department, in charge of Mr. C. Arthur Merz, has done a total business since its opening of over \$1,000,000. Money orders issued per month total \$60,000. Money orders cashed per month total \$50,000.

The Registry Department in charge of

Messrs. John Kenney and Daniel Dugan are the obliging clerks at the stamp window, who combine the rating of Parcel Post business with their other routine.

Postmaster Malloy, in pointing to his record of business done at Camp Merritt Post Office, is eloquent upon the fact that no such excellent service could have been given by his Department of Camp Activities without the hearty assistance accorded by the various Camp Commanders, who have done all in their power to smoothe the difficulties from his path.

EXTRA MERRITT HALL SERVICE

There is a report that the service at Merritt Hall is not to close, as at present at 7 P. M., for the Cafeteria. It has been felt for a long while that the closing hour arrives much too speedily. Speaking for overseas men, permanent detachment men and men of the Base Hospital, it is but voicing the general opinion to say that we should all like to know that we can get something to eat at Merritt Hall as late as 11 P. M., and later if it can be arranged. It would be a fine thing, on returning to Camp in the early hours of the morning, for instance, to know that at Merritt Hall a steaming hot cup of coffee could be had on the instant. We can get along very nicely

with an early closing hour for the soda fountain, but we should all certainly be glad of an extension of the hours for the cafeteria service. A very limited service would be sufficient to take care of our needs. No cooking is necessary. Hot coffee would be the only article needing continued attention. Regarding the food, rolls, buns, cake, pies, sandwiches, would be sufficient. This would relieve the service very much in the matter of personnel, two men being enough to carry it on satisfactorily. We hope to see this put into effect immediately, because the stay of many of us at Camp Merritt will be brief, and we feel that a meal lost is an opportunity wasted.

The Supreme Sacrifice

By Samuel A. Cosgrove,
Major, M. C., U. S. Army.

"The dead . . . in Flanders Fields" have achieved a very special immortality. The appeal to all that is soul-stirring in the American people, of those numberless graves in a foreign soil where lie our dead, will live while the ever-refreshed ideals of our national life shall sanctify the sacrifices of each succeeding generation. That they died so far from home, from the familiar surroundings of their every day lives, from those they loved, from the ministrations which their loved ones would have given so much for the privilege of rendering them; that their service and their lives were given, not as was the Frenchman's, in desperate defense of his own wasted lands and ravished people, not as was the Briton's, with his coast towns suffering from the winged enemy invaders, with his principal city cowering beneath the menace of German occupation of the French ports so short a distance across the Channel, with the integrity of his own Homeland dependent on his own defense of the same narrow strip of water; but

they would deprecate as their living fellow-heroes do, the high estimate of their deeds expressed in the honors which their commanders have been honored in according them; to each of them it would just seem as though circumstances happened in such a way that a certain course was marked out for them to follow, all unconscious that the way he should follow it would be extraordinary or other than perfectly natural under those circumstances; there was a machine-gun out there, so he just went for it; or it was his buddy; or some poor chap—no, of course, he didn't know him—who needed "the Doc," worse than he did; or they were on her ward, and needed her; or he had been told to get that wagon up there; or there was just cold, dark death to wait for, in "the way that besemeth men"; always, it was just their job—all in the day's work—and so, simply, was accepted.

Here in our own hospital, in the midst of disease ravages almost pestilential, our personnel calmly went about its ordinary

IN MEMORIAM.

Died on Duty, this hospital, the following members of the Nursing Staff:

Name	Date of Death	Home Address
Miss Ella Noring....	Oct. 10, 1918	West Liberty, Iowa.
Miss Emily Tanquist..	Oct. 13, 1918	Mankato, Minn.
Miss Laura Baird....	Oct. 16, 1918	505 S. Roper Ave., Gainesville, Fla.
Miss Eleanor Cassidy..	Jan. 16, 1919	1045 N. 4th St., Reading, Pa.

Died on Duty, this hospital, the following named men of the Detachment:

Irving Y. Pengally....	Apr. 5, 1918	101 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass.
James E. Hallowell....	Apr. 24, 1918	541 N. 2nd St., Memphis, Tenn.
Thomas L. Birth.....	Sep. 20, 1918	14517 Alder Ave., Cleveland, O.
Joseph J. Diaz.....	Sep. 28, 1918	1115 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles E. Davis.....	Sep. 30, 1918	2732 Madison Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
William E. Jobe.....	Oct. 4, 1918	Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y.
Edward W. Meier.....	Oct. 7, 1918	2221 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Clarence A. Ferris....	Oct. 7, 1918	48 New St., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.
Edward Krauss.....	Jan. 16, 1919	2426 Cedar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
William Dodes.....	Jan. 16, 1919	31 Burnsford Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Anton Labolewich.....	Jan. 22, 1919	Zweland, N. Dak.
Carl E. Kropf.....	Feb. 8, 1919	Whitewater, Wis.

given, as a former generation of Americans gave theirs, that a race should not be enslaved, that whole nations—a whole world—should not be enslaved by the dominance of ideals terribly inconsistent with those without whose existence there could be no America—all these help our imagination to form about their memory a halo whose glory will not pale.

Not to all of them was given the privilege of offering the last great sacrifice in the glorious exaltation of combat, nor the inspiring courting of personal hazard for a particular end; the prosaic labor of road-building and mule-driving claimed its victims as surely as the withering machine-gun fire which met those who "jumped off" at zero; the insidious poison of infection worked terrible havoc just as ruthlessly as the grosser poisons of the Hun laboratories; before ever they reached Flanders soil, soldier and sailor and sweating stoker, unoffending passenger and helpless babe went down to death by the sneaking stroke of undersea pirates.

To all of them was given, however, the gift of meeting the great adventure in the same characteristic way; not to themselves were they hero—and heroine; were they with us, they could not understand,

tasks of devotion to our nation's sick, and four nurses and twelve enlisted men of our department paid the last full measure of that devotion. True, they shared the fate of many of our civilian workers, who, in the ordinary course of duty in the care of the sick, themselves sicken and die, and to whom is due all the honor which at all times belongs to the unselfishness of true men and women. But there is this difference—that whereas these civilians for the most part accept the hazards of a deliberately chosen life work, our loss is represented among those who would not ordinarily be exposed to those hazards. Drawn from farm and factory, shop and desk, they, by their own choice of service, or by assignment, accepted a hazard just as foreign to their normal experience as that incurred by those who left the same environments to march in the plodding ranks of infantry or to serve the eager seventy-fives. It was all done at the same sacrifice, all actuated by the same high purpose, as were the deeds whose echoes come so resoundingly from overseas. So let us not forget that their spirit was the identical spirit of all the brave dead, their right to our proud, honoring remembrance equal to that of those who sleep beneath the poppies.

THE MOTHERS OF FRANCE.

One of the most cheerful letters ever received by the War Department from our soldiers overseas is from Joseph Wohl, Sanitary Squad No. 12, brother of Mr. M. J. Wohl, an attorney, of New York City.

Wohl enlisted in the Medical Dept. in August, 1917, went over with the 77th Division in March, 1918, and was under fire at Chateau-Thierry and Soissons. Writing from Seignelay, a little village in France, Wohl assures American mothers that the women of France are doing all they can to make the stay of the American boy in their midst as homelike as possible. "France now more than ever feels that she owes the Americans a great debt," he says. "In the little villages the inhabitants are trying in their simple way to repay it. They have opened their hearts and their homes to us." He sends with his letter a photograph of a type of French mother who is "keeping aglow in our hearts the memories of home, sweet home." "And this particular mother needs special mention," he says.

"Living in a little village called Seignelay, in the department of Yonne, every soldier who has stopped here has enjoyed her hospitality. There is always a cheery smile and a hot cup of coffee for the man in khaki at the home of Madame Laposte. Her children are the pets of all the soldiers hereabouts. There are thousands more just like her in France to whom our women at home are so greatly indebted. I know that long after this war is over our thoughts will often travel back to a quaint little village with its narrow, winding streets and a little whitewashed house with fond recollections of the happy days we spent there."

The Subsistence Division of the Office of the Director of Purchase and Storage has made heavy shipments of cigars and cigarettes to meet the needs of the men overseas. We almost forgot the chewers, but they are not to be overlooked by a considerate government.

Cigar smoking seems to be on the increase among the troops in France. A million cigars were lately shipped on two steamers to the overseas forces, and contracts made for the purchase of additional cigars to the amount of \$750,000, which are being sent to the boys still "over there."

Away up in Russia, where it is cold and where the Bolsheviks rage, our boys will enjoy some 190,000 cigarettes, which are now en route.

There is nothing so consoling as a good "chew," and those of our boys who are keeping a "watch on the Rhine" as members of the Army of Occupation in Germany, received 150,000 pounds of chewing tobacco, which product was sent in response to a special cablegram.

Returning soldiers were not overlooked at the Red Cross canteens at ports of debarkation in this country. One hundred thousand cigarettes were delivered to the Red Cross Canteen at Newport News, Va., for distribution to returning soldiers.

Government Insurance

*An Analysis Written for THE MESS-KIT by 1st Lieut. Arthur F. Hoge, M. C.,
Personnel Adjutant, Base Hospital.*

When the United States entered the great war in defense of her honor and humanity every red-blooded American felt the call to arms and exulted in the thought that no longer should our honor be impugned, our nation insulted and injured by bullies who mistook patience for something entirely different.

The call was as that of Kipling,
"He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue
Send your trail is clear before you,
When the old spring fret comes o'er you,
And the red gods call for you."

The line "Send your trail is clear before you" is filled with meaning and the thought therein expressed must have occurred to millions of Americans in the spring of 1917 when each was planning to clear the trail before him that he might answer the nation's call. The answer to the call meant the severance of home ties, the necessity of providing for dependents at home during one's absence and the protection afforded only by insurance in the event of death.

The United States government early stepped into the breach by creating the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and providing for allotments and allowances to dependents and the issuance of insurance to the extent of \$10,000 to all those in the military or naval service of the United States. The premiums charged for this insurance were based upon cost as estimated by the American Experience Table of Mortality with interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The expenses of administration and the additional cost of insurance due to the war hazard were assumed by the government. At this time many of the old line life insurance companies were charging, in addition to their usual premiums, from \$50 to \$100 per year on each \$1,000 of insurance issued to those entering, or who might thereafter enter, the military service.

The policy issued by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance was of the renewable term type, which is the cheapest form of insurance known. Term insurance protects for a certain specified term, and the premiums charged cover cost of losses. The policy acquires no cash surrender or loan value or extended insurance value. However, provision was made for conversion of these policies into ordinary insurance, limited pay insurance, or endowment insurance, and the War Risk Insurance Act requires that the policies be converted into some one of these forms of standard insurance within five years after the declaration of peace. It may be stated here that the government will permanently carry the insurance and will not distribute it amongst the private life insurance companies. It should be remembered in this connection that only those in, or who may enter, the military or naval service of the United States are eligible for this insurance, and that when once cancelled it can not be renewed, and when reduced it can not be subsequently increased.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance has recently published the terms for conversion of these policies, and it may be seen by the tables published that the rates are substantially lower than those of the old line life insurance companies, for the same type of insurance, while the privileges and provisions in the government policies are more liberal.

The following are the types of insurance offered: Ordinary life, twenty payment life, thirty payment life, twenty year endowment, and endowments maturing at age sixty-two.

All policies issued contain a disability clause which provides in case of total and permanent disability for the payment of the insurance to the insured himself. This liberal provision is made despite the fact that the government is charging about one-third less than private insurance companies charge for straight insurance. The average disability clause in old line life policies provides that, in the event of permanent and total disability, the insurance will remain in force and the payment of premiums be waived, but the face of the policy is not payable to the insured, being payable only to the beneficiary on the death of the insured. To illustrate, John Jones has \$10,000 government insurance and a policy for a similar amount in one of the old line life companies, which policy contains one of the usual disability clauses. John Jones becomes blind. He stops paying premiums immediately on both policies. The policy in the old line life company remains in force and upon his death is paid to the beneficiary. On his government policy he receives \$57.50 per month as long as he lives. If he lives forty years, payments received will amount to \$27,600. If he dies, say in nine years, he will have received \$6,210, and his beneficiary will then receive \$57.50 per month for the remainder of a period of 240 months, or an additional \$7,590.

Ordinary life insurance is a policy providing for the payment of premiums throughout life and is the next cheapest form of insurance. It acquires a cash surrender value. The following table illustrates the comparative cost of this type of insurance, and it should be remembered in this connection that the government insurance is payable to the insured, in the event of total and permanent disability, whereas the other policies are payable only in the event of death.

ORDINARY LIFE INSURANCE— \$5,000 POLICY.

Age	Government Insurance
20 years.....	\$13.58 per \$1,000 or \$67.90
25 years.....	\$15.24 per \$1,000 or \$75.20
30 years.....	\$17.36 per \$1,000 or \$86.80
Age	Average of Five Old Line Companies
20 years.....	\$17.76 per \$1,000 or \$88.80
25 years.....	\$20.03 per \$1,000 or \$100.15
30 years.....	\$22.62 per \$1,000 or \$113.10

It will be seen by the above table that the saving through having government insurance will in a few years amount to a considerable sum.

Twenty payment life insurance provides for the payment of premiums for a period of twenty years, the policy then becoming a paid-up policy, payable without further payment of premiums upon the death of the insured, or, in the case of government insurance, upon total and permanent disability. It acquires a greater cash surrender, loan and extended insurance value than ordinary life insurance. The following table illustrates the comparative cost of this type of insurance:

TWENTY PAYMENT LIFE INSURANCE— \$5,000 POLICY.

Age	Government Insurance
20 years.....	\$20.79 per \$1,000 or \$103.95
25 years.....	\$22.56 per \$1,000 or \$112.80
30 years.....	\$24.81 per \$1,000 or \$124.05
Age	Average of Five Old Line Companies
20 years.....	\$27.33 per \$1,000 or \$136.65
25 years.....	\$29.60 per \$1,000 or \$148.00
30 years.....	\$32.30 per \$1,000 or \$161.50

Twenty year endowment insurance is more expensive than the types previously described. Premiums are paid over a period of twenty years, the policy acquiring larger cash surrender, loan and extended insurance values than is the case with ordinary life or twenty payment life insurance. At the end of twenty years the face value of the policy is paid to the insured himself in one lump sum. In the event of prior disability the disability clause would be operative as in the other cases. In the event of prior death the beneficiary would receive the face value of the policy, in monthly instalments, with interest on the unpaid instalments. The following table illustrates the comparative cost of this type of insurance:

TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT INSURANCE— \$5,000 POLICY.

Age	Government Insurance
20 years.....	\$39.10 per \$1,000 or \$195.50
25 years.....	\$39.34 per \$1,000 or \$196.70
30 years.....	\$39.69 per \$1,000 or \$198.45
Age	Average of Five Old Line Companies
20 years.....	\$46.85 per \$1,000 or \$234.25
25 years.....	\$47.35 per \$1,000 or \$236.75
30 years.....	\$48.03 per \$1,000 or \$240.15

Endowment insurance maturing at age 62 is the same as the twenty year endowment insurance except that the premiums are paid until the insured attains the age of 62 years, unless prior death or total and permanent disability occurs.

It will be seen by the foregoing paragraphs that the government is offering extremely liberal provisions for the insurance of those who have served in the recent crisis. Any one failing to retain this insurance is certainly lacking in good business judgment. It is evident that the saving through having this insurance with the government instead of with private companies will amount to hundreds or even thousands of dollars in a few years. Many of the boys in the service who have at present no dependents feel that their insurance is somewhat of a burden. Undoubtedly most of these men will in the future acquire families and will then feel that they must have protection in the form of insurance for their loved ones. Should they have dropped their Government Insurance they will regret keenly their lack of judgment in not retaining a good investment. Those who retain their insurance will take just pride in the fact that they have shown forethought and provided for the future.

The Work of the Camp Merritt Base Hospital Ambulance Service

By Pvt. 1st cl. James Pierce Ind. Dept.

The two ambulances which formed the nucleus for the present fleet arrived in Camp Merritt several months before the opening of the hospital.

camp, and, as a result, mail and freight destined for the camp threatened to swamp the town. The few troops in camp were utilized to clear the roads and

Holabird. A few months previous to the arrival of these cars quite a shake-up was made in the non-coms. in charge. Sgt. Meyers and Cpl. Smith were re-



PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAMP MERRITT BASE

The first work was confined to transporting patients from camp to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, and Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N. J. The seriously ill and emergency cases were taken to Englewood, while cases of a less serious nature, such as measles, etc., were taken to Hoboken. These latter trips were sources of great enjoyment to the drivers, owing to the splendid roads and wonderful autumn weather.

Cold weather not being conducive to the easy starting of a car, a garage would have been very much appreciated. On cold mornings most of our time was taken up in starting the cars.

The building of the garage was held up so that all the energies of the construction company might be concentrated on the more important work of erecting the wards.

When the garage was finally built, our troubles with cold weather began in earnest. Radiators to heat the building we had in plenty, but no steam, so, of course, the cars froze up. This trouble was finally averted by the installation of two coal stoves, whose chimneys led out of the windows. In order to heat the garage it was necessary to keep these stoves going to their full capacity. Finally our troubles with this inadequate system of heating were ended, but now a new trouble presented itself in the form of drifting snow. Our readers will perhaps remember that the winter of 1917-18 was very severe, and in one particular instance, the snow drifted around the garage door to a height of four feet, and the task of keeping a clear pathway was no light one. To the men of the garage belongs the credit of having broken the roads for all the other vehicles then located in the camp.

For two days there was no method of transportation between Tenafly and the

after a short time conditions were again normal.

After the furies of winter had abated there started the hardest stretch of the work; namely, that of following the troops to Alpine. A movement of troops would begin about midnight and continue until daybreak. However, our labors were rewarded on these trips, as we always saw something new. Very well worth seeing, too, was the sunrise at Alpine Landing. The Hudson at this point has cut through solid rock and as a result the Palisades make a sheer drop of about 300 feet. To see the shadows gradually dispelled and realize that it is dawn and springtime makes one feel like taking deep breaths of new life.

During the influenza epidemic we were forced to call upon the N. L. W. S. of Newark, to help with the tremendous job that confronted us. These girls were thoroughly in earnest and were always interested in the work. They were often called upon to get up before daybreak and go to Alpine, after having worked all day. Never was a dissenting word heard. I have often seen a man fall out on the road and helped to his feet again minus his pack, said pack being on the back of one of these girls. This was really hard work for them, but doubly hard for us, because they worked in relays while we worked every day and night that there was a movement of troops.

During all these strenuous times efforts were constantly being made to get new cars. The powers that be could not be convinced that we needed any more cars, so we had to limp along with the old Fords, which had seen service at Allentown and were already in bad condition when they arrived here. Due to an excellent corps of mechanics, these worn-out cars were kept in condition until eleven G. M. C.'s arrived from Camp

placed by Sgt. Barry and Cpl. Harvey.

Another increase had to be made in the number of men on duty at the garage with the arrival of fifteen cars due for overseas. With all these cars at our disposal, we now feel confident of being able to handle any transportation situation which may arise.

Too much credit cannot be given commissioned and non-commissioned officers with whom the privates have always cooperated to the utmost of their ability in systematizing the work of transporting the sick and wounded of this camp. Chief among these is Capt. Smith, Q. M. C., under whose direction a state of excellence has been attained of which we can be justly proud.

Lincoln said: "Teach economy." That is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money. Thrift and War-Savings Stamps mean saving money without hoarding.



Base Hospital Y. M. C. A. for Use of Patients and Men of the Base Hospital Detachment.

The Work of the Newark Branch of the N.L.W.S. Motor Corps

By Captain Jones

During the spring of 1918, just after I had to get out and under. Going my appointment as Motor Chairman of through Rutherford a Motor Cycle cop the National League Motor Corps in came up beside us and started to write Newark, I had the opportunity of paying out a summons. He insisted that we

pital at 3:45 and saw the other cars waiting for us, and took some of the men out for a short drive. How they did enjoy that breath of fresh air that blister-



HOSPITAL AMBULANCE AND MOTOR CYCLE SERVICE.

Photo by Jenkins, Englewood, N. J.

a visit to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Passing through one of the wards, we stopped to talk to a boy who had lost both of his legs. He seemed very cheerful and told us that the thing he enjoyed most was going driving in the afternoons. This fact impressed itself so on my mind that as soon as I returned to Newark I wrote to the C. O. at Camp Merritt, and after considerable correspondence received a letter from Major Sloat, inviting me to talk my plans over with him.

Of course on the first trip to Camp we lost our way trying to find the right picket, and we had to show our pass to each guard, but finally we found ourselves at our destination, the Administration Office of the Hospital. We were ushered into Lieut. Tatum's office, where without further ado I gave him a long, detailed account of the work we were so eager to do. He let me finish and then drawled with true southern gallantry:

"Wal, I'd like to help you all out, but I'm not the Major, you know."

So I had to repeat the whole story to the Major, who seemed very pleasant but not particularly interested and rather doubtful that a Motor Corps could be of any use to a hospital. However, he took our telephone number and said he would call us when we were needed.

About noon on a Saturday two weeks later the 'phone rang. Major Sloat had thirty convalescent soldiers who could be taken driving that afternoon.

At that time to obtain transportation at short notice for thirty men was an appalling task, but we fell to valiantly. He had said they were to be out for two hours, so when we had the transportation for 15 men we figured that we could make two trips of one hour each. We started at two o'clock, but had gone but a block or two when my car stopped and

were going forty miles an hour, but finally said he would let us go if I showed my license. I knew just where it was at home, but I looked diligently through every pocket, until he finally said:

"You can tell your story to the judge!"

So to the judge we went, and after smiling sweetly at him, and telling him that it was vitally important that we get to Camp Merritt at once, he dismissed us.

We arrived at Camp Merritt Base Hos-

ing hot day! We then arranged with the Major that we should take out thirty men every Tuesday and Friday, and we drove home happy at the prospect of our new task.

The next Tuesday the weather looked threatening in Newark, but we set out gaily for the Base Hospital. Just as we arrived a shower came up, and Major Sloat decided that it would do the boys more harm than good to go out.

After that we increased the number of patients we could take out each week, until with the help of the National League in Englewood, and the Red Cross in Ridgewood, whom we interested in the good work, we generally accommodated about two hundred men a week. I want to take this opportunity of thanking these women who so generously co-operated with us.

Anyone who lives near the Base Hospital can tell you how odd the cars looked, filled with the boys dressed in bathrobes and pajamas. We were so interested in our work that we thought nothing of their costumes until one day I received a communication from Camp, informing me that a complaint had been filed by some people in Englewood whose sensibilities were considerably shocked by the fact that the boys were not conventionally clad. We were told that we could not take the boys unless we provided coats for them. People do not give away coats off-hand, and to borrow them was out of the question. However, the Rotary Club of Newark came to our rescue and supplied us with a good many dusters, besides some given us by the public.

When the bleak days came this work was discontinued, as most of the men we carried were pneumonia patients, who could not stand cold weather. Just about this time our fifth ambulance was deliv-



Captain Jones
Newark Branch, N. L. W. S.

ered, and we wrote to Major Sloat offering him our ambulances and drivers for hospital work. One Sunday late in September the office received word that we were needed at once at Camp Merritt, and within a couple of hours four of our ambulances were on the job. From that time till early in November they were used almost constantly. The next morning I started from Newark before eight. If anyone has any acquaintance with our Maxixe, as we fondly term one of our exceedingly temperamental cars, the less said the better. The Camp was in strict quarantine, but we were passed through and went directly to the hospital, where we found the other girls already hard at work. We started right in and worked steadily till twelve that night, except for time off at meals. We ate in the Officers' Mess, and I must admit created quite a stir. Lieutenant Govan met us after each meal with a bottle of gargle, some of which is still available.

The first night the girls went to Cresskill to meet the train carrying "Flu" patients transferred from other camps. All the available hospital trucks and ambulances were there, besides ours, and every one was instructed to wear masks. At last the train came in and the litter cases were put out through the windows; the cars were emptied. That night and the next the girls went home, arriving in Newark after two a. m. After that we stayed at Camp. As I said before, we worked till twelve and then took "bunk fatigue" without sheets. Four of us shared a room in the Red Cross House, and we almost had to crawl over the nurses' cots to get to it. I shall never forget the way the girls prepared for sleeping at Camp. One insisted on going to bed in her entire uniform. The rest of us slept partly dressed, except for one girl, who was all dolled up with a georgette crepe and real lace nightie. We had some candy, which we could not find without turning up the light, so it was some time before we were all asleep. Corporal Kelly was to call us at 3 a. m.

It seemed but a moment when rat-tat on the pane sounded, and we were up in a jiffy. Corporal Kelly had two ambulances ready. We were to trail two regiments down to Alpine, where a ferry was waiting to transfer them to a transport. Kelly told us that the troops had started some time before, but we soon picked them up with our lights, and after that it was slow moving. One regiment was white, the other colored, and there was great rivalry to see which were the better marchers.

"Get up there, you shine."

"What do you mean by lying down on the job, you nigger?"

"Say, there, you shine, are you going to let the whites put it over on you?"

These and similar thrusts helped to keep the boys moving. Our job was to pick up those who fell by the wayside. The officers would rearrange the soldiers' packs for them and even carry their rifles. One of the soldiers was so fat that it was agony for him to keep marching, but he would not give up and ride for even a short time, but panted heroically along. One of the colored boys had the mumps. When he was put in the ambulance he thought he was surely going to see St. Peter and the heavenly gates. The road was densely wooded and poorly lighted. The boys, when they were tired, would sit by the roadside, their backs propped against the steep banks on either side. The officers walk-

ing beside the ambulance carried searchlights, and when a man appeared really ill, the medical officer was called, the ambulance stopped and the patient put in. Very often just the packs were put in the cars, and when the boys were relieved of the weight they marched along cheerfully.

Shortly after we left it started to drizzle, and since we did not have time to put on chains, we had to be very careful. For four miles we had been going up hill most of the way, but at last we reached the summit. Then came the steep descent down the long Alpine road. And as we went down the atmosphere cleared and the first rays of morning shone. The river was beautiful and the sun, a great red ball of fire, rose just as the boys were getting on the ferry. A more beautiful sight it would be hard to imagine; on both sides, the Palisades, looming dark and portentous; in front, the sun shining on the river; our boys bound for Europe to make the sun shine again for the people "over there." The boys waved till they were out of sight, then we turned and slowly made our way back to Camp, where Miss Graves, always thoughtful and kind to us, was waiting with hot coffee, toast and bacon. That night the Alpine trip was made again.

The next day we made a regular system for work. We always had eight girls in Camp, four going home and four fresh ones coming out each day. The girls worked under the command of the hospital authorities on the same footing as the men, carrying influenza, diphtheria and other patients to the hospital. After an early breakfast we started in at the hospital. The orderly would call out a barracks number, and away the ambulance would go, winding in and out between the barracks. Since there were new troops in Camp almost every day, the ambulances always seemed to be a novelty. When we stopped the car a crowd of boys would collect from all over and always accused each "flu" patient of going to the hospital merely to get a ride, but they would soon have changed their theory if they had had a chance to ride over some of the rough ground which would have made excellent going for tanks. The patients were taken to the Receiving Ward and there classified and taken care of.

The Motor Corps stayed at Camp Merritt until the worst of the epidemic was over and the Ambulance Corps of the hospital could handle the situation unaided. Our records show that we carried between four and five thousand patients at Camp Merritt. During that time the Motor Corps also worked at the scene of the Morgan disaster and for civilian hospitals in Newark.

And now we look forward to the week-ends, for that is the time when we visit Camp Merritt Base Hospital. Every Friday the Motor Corps furnishes transportation to take Mrs. David H. Standish and other members of the Glen Ridge Branch of the National League for Woman's Service to Camp Merritt, where they serve tea and cake to the boys in Y. M. C. A. Hut No. 5.

On March 7th the Motor Corps helped entertain between eight and nine hundred boys. Each Saturday we take from 40 to 80 wounded men from Camp Merritt to Montclair, where they are entertained over the week-end. And since we have a great many dusters laid away we are hoping we can again be of service in taking the sick boys for drives as soon as spring weather is here.

"Call it a Day!"

By Private Otis Bilder

National League of Women's Service,
Newark Motor Corps Branch.

"Hello! That you, Otis? This is the Motor Corps. You are to drive an ambulance to Camp Merritt tomorrow morning. Leave New York not later than five-thirty a. m. Report at the Base Hospital at 8 a. m. You will meet your second at Newark Headquarters. Remember, leave at 5:30 tomorrow morning. Goodbye!"

My Lieutenant's voice died away. I hung up the receiver. It was Friday afternoon. That night I had planned to go to a studio party, which would not break up until late. How could I go home to Brooklyn after the party, get into my uniform, get out the ambulance, which was being used in Brooklyn, and leave on time—my uniform in Brooklyn and I in New York?

Suddenly I had a brilliant idea. I would spend the night at the Brooklyn Headquarters and have my uniform sent there from home.

After the studio party I arrived at Headquarters. The door was opened by a sleepy Motor Corps girl and I walked upstairs to the rooms occupied by the Motor Corps.

My first question was, "Has my bag arrived?"

Yes, yes, it was there. I let forth a sigh of relief, which, alas! soon turned to a groan of despair, for I found all parts of the uniform therein except—except the skirt.



Private Otis Bilder

Newark Branch, N. L. W. S.

A chorus of "Oh! My dear! How awful! Whatever will you do?" arose from all sides.

Suppose they should invite me in to lunch and I would have to remove my overcoat? I made mental calculations as to the length of my overcoat. Maybe I could pull my puttees up a bit. I was in despair.

Meanwhile the girls had recovered from their fit of laughter, and one of them offered me a skirt, which she said might go with my uniform. That skirt!

It was a pale, sickly yellow, tight at the waist, tight at the ankles, and yellow and khaki do not match. But it was a skirt and it looked good to me.

I had about an hour to sleep. I set the alarm clock—the girls said it never disturbed them; they thought it was the ambulance bell and slept right through.

I awoke with a start. The alarm clock was swaying back and forth on the table. It was 4:30 a. m.

I jumped into my uniform and dashed to the street and took the subway to the garage where my ambulance had been put up for the night.

The ambulance was a wonderful piece of camouflage. It was really a truck with a good looking ambulance body. There it stood, its four rubber tires firmly planted on the ground, its high head sticking out like a huge stubborn jaw, its whole attitude spelling defiance of the girls who would drive it. The seat was so high that one had the sensation of riding on a Fifth avenue bus, the brake and clutch were so high that your knees touched your chin, and when you "clutched out" you shot forward into the arms of the windshield. That ambulance had a distinct personality, in which the element of stubbornness figured prominently. It was also deceitful. When you put on "gas" it made a deep, purring sound and gave the impression of enormous power and speed when your speedometer registered 10.

On my way to the 42nd St. Ferry a Motor Corps girl with a neat brown bag walked out into the street and held up her hand. She said she was going to the Pennsylvania Station and asked me to take her. She threw her bag on the step and away we went.

Arriving at the ferry a long line of farm wagons and trucks were lined up. They looked as though they had been waiting for hours. I told the policeman I had an urgent case, and so he put me first in the line, but when the boat came in that temperamental Maxixe refused to start. I missed not only that boat but two others. Finally with the help of four kind souls I got her started, and we went on to the boat. When we reached the other side she would not get off. I cranked, I pushed, I swore, I coaxed, but nothing could budge her, and she had to be pushed off. Finally someone had the courage to spin her and she started. Arriving in Newark at 7:15, I found my second, and together we reached Camp Merritt. I reported at the Hospital after jumping over a barbed wire fence, and was told to go to Ward 23.

We worked all day, and that night at 11 we were told to go to bed and that we would be called at 2 a. m. to take troops to Alpine, from where they were to depart for France. Just about that time our Captain developed a fever and someone had to stay with her. I was that one, and as I lay there I wondered whether I could keep awake to see that things were going well, but I had no difficulty, for in about ten minutes something ran across my face and there was—a mouse! Our girls would face cannon, they had faced influenza and hardships, but a mouse—I lay still, and when he appeared again shut the window on him. Captain Jones said, "What, what, what, what?" and went to sleep again. At 2 a. m. somebody said, "Ready, girls?" and we all fled out.

The air was like ice and it was pitch dark. The colored troops were going that night and there were hundreds lined

up. We were to follow slowly and pick up any victims of the "flu." The doctors said "Keep your ambulance 25 feet behind the troops, for if they see it's an ambulance they'll get awfully sick and have to be carried."

It was a wonderful sight, only the light of our cars on those hundreds of backs marching along. A great many of the boys we took out in the middle of that night were the "Hell Fighters" who came back with such splendid records.

When we reached the final descent to the water Maxixe refused to go down, and I was glad, for I had visions of rushing headlong into the Hudson River. So I turned back and reached Camp Merritt in time for breakfast.

So ended an eventful day in the Motor Corps.

"PORT OF MISSING MEN"

The Port of Missing Men is now published in forty-nine soldier publications, covering the territory from New York to San Francisco, bringing the inquiries for missing soldiers to the attention of fully three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers each week, and greatly increasing the chances of locating through this column soldiers about whom nothing has been heard in months. This sudden increase in the scope of the Port of Missing Men has been brought about by the realization of its possibilities on the part of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. and also the American Red Cross. In a recent announcement the Y. M. C. A. stated that the Port of Missing Men would be published in each of the seventeen soldier newspapers affiliated with Trench and Camp, and that, in addition, lists of these inquiries will be placed on the Bulletin Boards at the head of each Company at the various camps at which these newspapers are published.

The American Red Cross announced simultaneously that each day at Brest ten Red Cross workers would be sent through the Brest camp with these lists to make personal inquiries of the soldiers at Brest regarding these missing men.

Inquiries continue to pour in from all parts of the country and anxious families and relatives frequently receive joyous news from returned soldiers who give information relative to the men about whom the inquiries are made.

The success of the Port of Missing Men depends on its soldier readers. Remember the anxiously awaiting relatives at home, and do your duty. Read all these inquiries carefully and if you are able to give any information about these missing men, do it immediately and bring happiness to a home.

If you are anxious about a relative or friend in the military service who has been reported missing, who has not written to you, or whose whereabouts is unknown, you are likely to get trace of him, if he can be found at all, by writing a letter to "The Port of Missing Men," Surgeon General's Office, Washington, D. C., giving the full name, and last known address, of the missing man, his rank, and organization, and any detail that might help a comrade in identifying the description. The Surgeon General's Office will pass your description on to the Army Hospital papers which carry a page under this heading,—"Port of Missing Men," wherein these requests for help

in finding missing men are printed each week. Instead of writing your inquiry to the Surgeon General's Office you could, if you prefer, pick out from the attached list of Army Hospital papers the one published nearest your home and send your inquiry direct to that paper. Address any of the following list:—

1. *The Cure*; Base Hospital, Camp Upton, N. Y.
 2. *The Trouble Buster*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 2, Fort McHenry, Md.
 3. *The Caduceus*; Base Hospital, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
 4. *Letterman Listening Post*; Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.
 5. *The Ward Healer*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 12, Baltimore, N. C.
 6. *The Base Hospital Daily Bulletin*; Base Hospital, Camp Custer, Mich.
 7. *Ontario Post*; General Hospital No. 5, Fort Ontario, N. Y.
 8. *The Hospital Review*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 1, Williamsbridge, N. Y.
 9. *The Hustler*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 16, New Haven, Conn.
 10. *The Fort Bayard News*; Fort Bayard, New Mex.
 11. *The Come-Back*; Walter Reed Hospital, Room 3, Building 93, Washington, D. C.
 12. *The Fort Des Moines Post*; U. S. A. Hospital, Fort Des Moines, Iowa.
 13. *The Oteen*; General Hospital No. 19, Azalea, N. C.
 14. *The Right About*; Debarkation Hospital No. 3, Greenhut Building, New York City.
 15. *Base Hospital Journal*; Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 16. *Pill Box*; U. S. A. Debarkation Hospital No. 1, Ellis Island, N. Y.
 17. *The Reflex*; General Hospital No. 30, Plattsburg Barracks, Plattsburg, N. Y.
 18. *Over Here*; Army General Hospital No. 3, Rahway, N. J.
 19. *Home Again*; Debarkation Hospital No. 2, Fox Hills, Staten Island, N. Y.
 20. *Over the Top*; Base Hospital, Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
 21. *Asyouwere*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 36, Detroit, Mich.
 22. *The Reclaimer*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 34, East Norfolk, Mass.
 23. *Official Bulletin*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 13, Dansville, N. Y.
 24. *The Stimulant*; General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. J.
 25. *The Open Window*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 8, Otisville, N. Y.
 26. *The Fort Porter Reporter*; Fort Porter, N. Y.
 27. *Asyouwere*; U. S. General Hospital No. 24, Parkview Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 28. *The Star Shell*; U. S. General Hospital No. 17, Markleton, Pa.
 29. *The Hospital Breeze*; Base Hospital, Fort Riley, Kas.
 30. *The Recall*; U. S. A. General Hospital No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Ill.
- The work done by The Port of Missing Men Department carried in these Army Hospital papers has been of the highest value. In many cases anxious relatives have been put in touch with men officially reported missing whose whereabouts was revealed by the publishing of the inquiry in these hospital papers. THE MESS-KIT will publish each month an accurate, up-to-date list of Army Hospital papers in which The Port of Missing Men column can be found.

DIVISIONAL INSIGNIA.

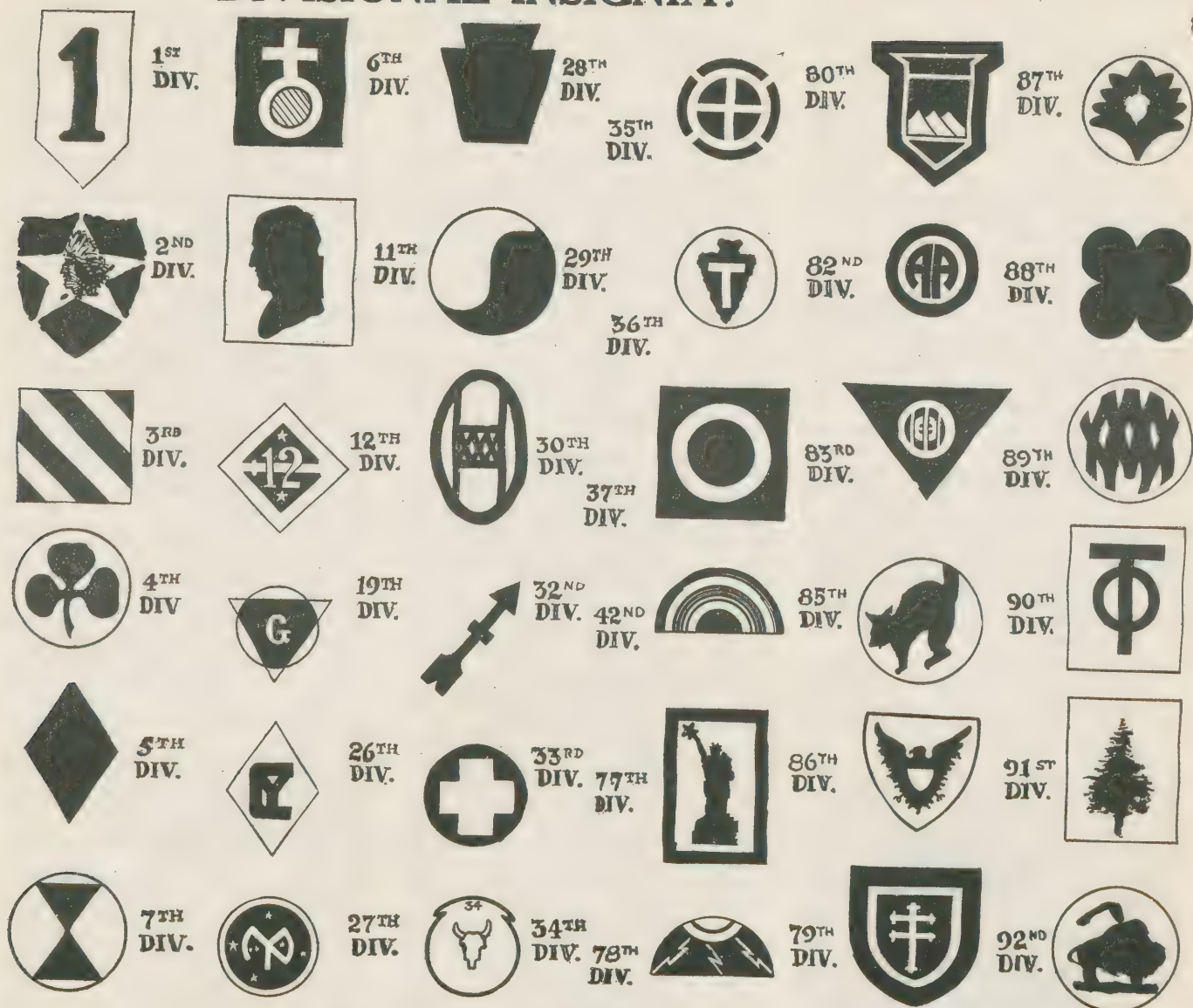


PLATE NO. 1

The Mess-Kit will present to its readers in an early number Plate No. 2, showing Divisional Insignia not included in above list.

Official Medical Department Praised by General Pershing

Praise for the "fine and unselfish character" of the service rendered by the officers and men of the Medical Department with the American overseas forces whose "achievements have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented," is contained in a letter from General Pershing to Colonel Walter D. McCaw, Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces, made public by the Surgeon General:—

"Now that active operations are at an end, and many officers and enlisted personnel are preparing to sever their connection with the military forces and return to civil life, I desire to express my personal appreciation and thanks and that

of your fellow members of the American Expeditionary Forces to you, and through you to the members of your department, for the splendid service they have rendered," says General Pershing.

"At the front and in the long chain of hospitals extending down to the Base Ports, I have watched the fine and unselfish character of their work, and the achievements which have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented. Many of them have shared with the line troops the hardships of campaign conditions and have sustained casualties and privations with fortitude that is beyond praise. No labor has been too exhausting and no danger

too great to prevent their full discharge of duty.

"A special word of thanks is due to those members who were attached to and served continuously with the armies of our Allies. Their efficiency and high ideals have called for the highest praise of the Allied Governments under whom they have served.

"Before they leave France, will you convey to all ranks under your command the deep sense of my personal appreciation of their splendid services and my regret at the impracticability of sending each and every one of them a letter of thanks?"



Nurses' Department

On Foreign Duty

By MINA K. STRICKLAND, A.N.C.
Base Hospital Nursing Staff.

The very interesting diary-letter that follows was written by Miss Jean MacKenzie, A.N.C., on board the transport Sheridan from Manila, P. I., en route to San Francisco after two years' duty in the Philippine Islands.

April 12, 1918. Four days at sea. Was sorry to leave Fort McKinley, and especially my old horse. One of the boys rode him down to the pier so that I might see the last of him. We have quite a nice stateroom. I was put on duty my first afternoon.

April 20. Arrived in Nagasaki today. The scenery is beautiful. The coaling is done by Japanese men and women both. I enjoyed my trip ashore. I bought a lovely kimono and a few souvenirs, among them the nicest little white monkey. Here I tasted "Sake" for the first time. I was told that it was highly intoxicating, but that is not so. I rather liked it. They serve it hot in the daintiest porcelain jars. I want one for a souvenir.



April 22. Did not get the coveted "Sake" jar. I went ashore in the morning in spite of the rain. Nobody thinks about tropical heat any more. We left Nagasaki at 2 p. m., and expect to arrive in Vladivostok on the 24th, 655 miles from Nagasaki. My patient is doing nicely.

April 23. It is so cold today I would not mind being back at Fort McKinley. You remember how I dreaded going there? Well, I felt worse about leaving. Isn't it funny how you get to like a place? It is getting colder the farther north we go. I can scarcely move for the amount of clothes I have on.

April 24. Docked in Vladivostok about 7 a. m. The harbor is beautiful, with a number of battleships at anchor, among

them the battleship "Brooklyn," three Japanese and a British warship, the "Suffolk." The weather is still cold. We were allowed ashore. Visited a lovely church where service was being held and stayed to the close. There was a male choir. The service was very sacred and beautiful, in form something like the R. C. After church we went to a tea room and



had Russian tea and cake. The shops are in a dilapidated condition. Could not buy any souvenirs except a plain bread knife, which I bought for want of something better. Returned to the ship at noon. The nurse traveling with me and I were told to be ready at 1:30 p. m. to go ashore to inspect all female passengers and baggage coming aboard. They were wives of Belgian soldiers, coming aboard with their husbands. They were Russian girls. These refugees had been living anywhere and anyhow for three months. There were 350 of the men. After attending to the custom office duties we got all the women, eleven, in "sampans" to the transport, four in each boat. When they were safely on board and as comfortable as possible I got busy making supplies and sterilizing them. One of the women was confined at 3 a. m. A French army doctor took the case. The baby, a girl, has for mother a Russian; for father, a Belgian, for doctor, a Frenchman, and for nurse, a Scotch girl. Maybe the combination will bring the little thing luck. We have on board the woman who was chosen to be the colonel of the Russian Battalion of Death. When her husband went to war she tried to enlist with him, but was rejected. She then got a uniform somehow, cut her hair short, and was enlisted in the same company as her husband. A year and a half ago her husband was killed. She kept on fighting, was promoted to corporal, and advanced in rank until she organized the battalion of women and was made its commander. She is very strong. She is only a poor peasant girl, or was, until the war. She was later imprisoned in Russia, and for weeks expected to be called out and shot any day. She was finally re-

leased and given some money, and has been for some time under British protection. She is now on her way to England. We hear that before we left Vladivostok a man came on board looking for her, with the intention of shooting her.

April 29. We had a jolly time last night; a band concert by the Belgians. One of the Russian girls gave a native dance. There are fourteen officers among those taken aboard.

May 13. San Francisco. Docked at 8 a. m. and baggage inspected. The ambulance drove us to the nurses' quarters. Things seem very much changed after two years' absence. How I wish I would get orders to leave for France. Was glad to receive your letters today. How do you like your new post at Camp Merritt Base Hospital?
"MAC."



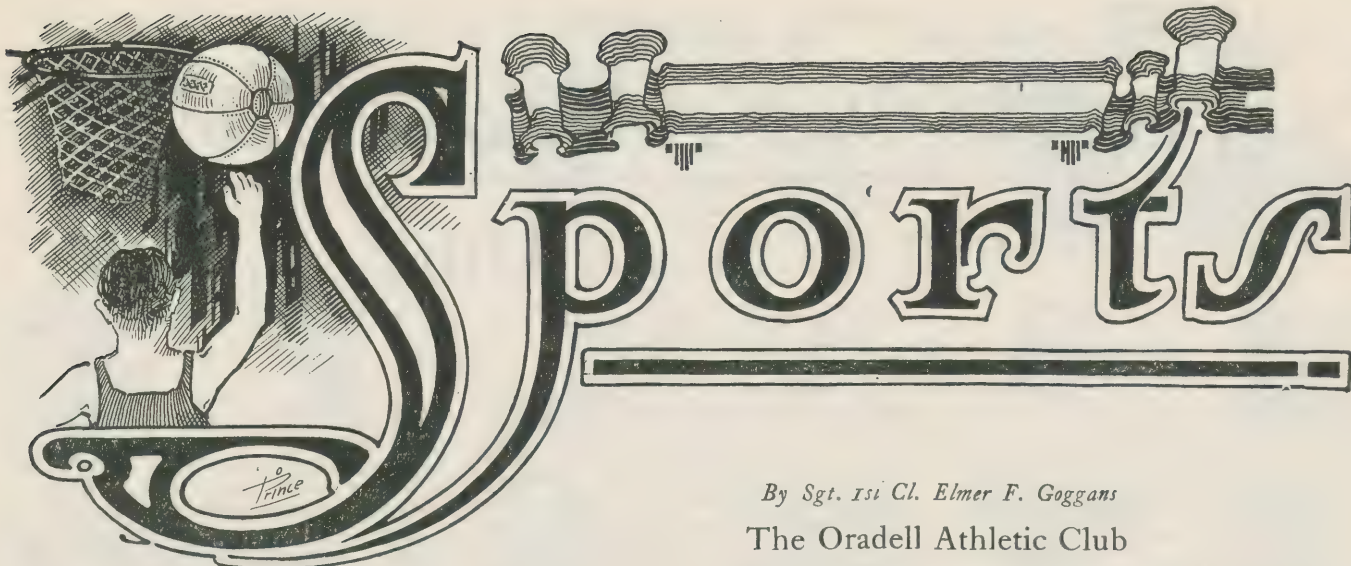
NURSES' NOTES.

Members of the Army Nurse Corps have an excellent opportunity to travel from time to time and see much of the world. The pictures that accompanied the letter printed above are views of Manila, P. I. Our chief nurse, Miss Lillian J. Ryan, spent two years in Manila, and we hope to have an article from her shortly for THE MESS-KIT, describing her experiences there.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson, Miss Elizabeth Williams and Miss Finneran have received their discharges and will leave the Base Hospital for their homes.

Miss Edna Hammersmith and Miss Jessie Baldwin have left for their homes for a short rest before accepting positions in the Mount Vernon Hospital.

(To be continued)



By Sgt. 1st Cl. Elmer F. Goggans

The Oradell Athletic Club

BASKETBALL

The Camp League Basketball season closed with the 13th Infantry team at the head of the list as forecast in the April number of THE MESS-KIT. Congratulations to the victors. The standing of the teams at the close of the schedule is as under:

TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.
13th Infantry	18	1	948
Base Hospital	15	5	750
Motor Truck	14	5	737
Q. M. Corps.....	11	6	646
Salvage	5	12	294
Headquarters	2	12	143
Bakers and Cooks.....	2	18	100
Casual Battalion	0	7	000

BASEBALL

Camp Merritt schedules an important series of matches between the baseball teams representing the ten permanent detachments in camp this summer. The Base Hospital men, under the direction of 1st Lieut. A. G. Heilman, are getting into shape with daily practice in the afternoons. The final selections for the personnel of the Base Hospital baseball team have not yet been made. The new uniforms are ordered but cannot be delivered for several days yet. A photograph of the Base Hospital baseball team will appear in next month's number of THE MESS-KIT.

Class "A" Baseball League

The original schedule of the Camp League, which included Cresskill as a point where matches were to be played, has been amended to confine the league games to the Tenafly and Englewood diamonds, on account of superior playing conditions. Memorandum from Headquarters, Camp Merritt, governing this matter, is as follows:

Memorandum.

No. 38.

1. The following ten teams shall constitute the Class "A" Baseball League in this camp for the season of 1919:

Thirteenth Infantry.
Camp Supply Detachment.
Base Hospital.
Officers.
School for Bakers and Cooks.
Company "A," Casual Battalion.

(Continued on page 23)

This is the famous Oradell basketball team that played nine matches during the season just terminated, winning eight out of the nine. There is some question regarding the one lost game. In the hearts of all true sons and daughters of Oradell it will ever remain an open question. Shall

lence, its defense, consisting of Miss Elizabeth Milliken and Miss Madge Clarke, right and left guards, being little short of impregnable. For the attack, Miss Beatrice Zullig distinguished herself as a consistently speedy forward. The Oradell basketball team becomes now the nucleus of the Oradell Athletic Club, which pro-



Top Row (left to right)—

Miss Georgia Benson, Miss Viola Zullig, Miss Beatrice Zullig.

Lower Row (left to right)—

Miss Caroline Benson, Miss Annette Lynch, Miss Elizabeth Milliken.

Missing—Miss Madge Clarke, Miss Marjorie Bogert.

we say, an open wound? To the coaching of Sergeant Charles E. Bebo of the Base Hospital the team ascribes its success. We have no wish to detract from Charlie's "rep" as a coach, but in our judgment the success of this Oradell team was due chiefly to its individual excel-

poses to wipe all contending teams from nearby towns off the earth. The challenge is particularly directed to the Base Hospital tennis cracks. The absence of Miss Madge Clarke and Miss Marjorie Bogert from the picture above is greatly regretted.

Medical Detachment.
1st Provisional Company.
2nd Provisional Company.
Colored Utility Detachment.

2. Games will be played on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Winning teams will submit to the Athletic Officer an account or score of the game played within twenty-four hours after the game. Any team unable to play which does not notify the Athletic Officer of that fact twenty-four hours before the game will forfeit the game. There will be no postponement except on account of weather.

3. In view of the fact that the 2nd Provisional Company has been entered in the league, both schedules previously announced are hereby declared null and void and the following shall be the official schedule of the league:

CLASS "A" BASEBALL LEAGUE SCHEDULE.

All games start at 2:30 p. m.

Legend.

T—Tenafly Diamond.

E—Englewood Diamond, Palisades and Bennett Road, Presbyterian Church.

Monday, April 14—13th Infantry vs. Camp Supply Detachment.

Tuesday, April 15—Colored Utility Detachment vs. Base Hospital.

Tuesday, April 15—2d Provisional Company vs. Officers.

Wednesday, April 16—School for B. and C. vs. 1st Provisional Co.

Wednesday, April 16—Medical Detachment vs. Co. "A," Casual Bn.

Thursday, April 17—13th Infantry vs. Base Hospital.

Thursday, April 17—Camp Supply Detachment vs. Officers.

Friday, April 18—School for B. and C. vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Friday, April 18—2d Provisional Co. vs. Company "A," Casual Bn.

Monday, April 21—1st Provisional Co. vs. Medical Detachment.

Monday, April 21—13th Infantry vs. Officers.

Tuesday, April 22—Base Hospital vs. School for Bakers and Cooks.

Tuesday, April 22—Camp Supply Detachment vs. Co. "A," Casual Bn.

Wednesday, April 23—Colored Utility Detachment vs. Medical Detachment.

Wednesday, April 23—2d Provisional Co. vs. 1st Provisional Co.

Thursday, April 24—13th Infantry vs. School for Bakers and Cooks.

Thursday, April 24—Officers vs. Co. "A," Casual Bn.

Friday, April 25—Base Hospital vs. Medical Detachment.

Friday, April 25—Camp Supply Detachment vs. 1st Provisional Co.

Monday, April 28—Colored Utility Detachment vs. 2d Provisional Co.

Monday, April 28—13th Infantry vs. School for Bakers and Cooks.

Tuesday, April 29—School for Bakers and Cooks vs. Medical Detachment.

Tuesday, April 29—Officers vs. 1st Provisional Co.

Wednesday, April 30—Base Hospital vs. 2d Provisional Co.

Wednesday, April 30—Camp Supply Detachment vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Thursday, May 1—13th Infantry vs. Medical Detachment.

Thursday, May 1—Co. "A," Casual Bn. vs. 1st Provisional Co.

Friday, May 2—School for Bakers and Cooks vs. 2d Provisional Co.

Friday, May 2—Officers vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Monday, May 5—13th Infantry vs. 1st Provisional Company.

Monday, May 5—Camp Supply Detachment vs. Base Hospital.

Tuesday, May 6—Medical Detachment vs. 2d Provisional Company.

Tuesday, May 6—Co. "A," Casual Bn. vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Wednesday, May 7—Camp Supply Detachment vs. School for B. and C.

Wednesday, May 7—Officers vs. Base Hospital.

Thursday, May 8—13th Infantry vs. 2d Provisional Co.

Thursday, May 8—1st Provisional Co. vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Friday, May 9—Medical Detachment vs. Camp Supply Detachment.

Friday, May 9—Company "A," Casual Bn. vs. Base Hospital.

Monday, May 12—Officers vs. School for Bakers and Cooks.

Monday, May 12—13th Infantry vs. Colored Utility Detachment.

Tuesday, May 13—Camp Supply Detachment vs. 2d Provisional Co.

Tuesday, May 13—Base Hospital vs. 1st Provisional Company.

Wednesday, May 14—Officers vs. Medical Detachment.

Wednesday, May 14—School for B. and C. vs. Co. "A," Casual Bn.

4. This is the first of the schedule, where each team has played each other team once. At the completion of this schedule another will be issued for the second third of the season, the teams playing in exactly the same rotation as above, the only change being in the dates.

By order of Lieut. Col. Pope.

C. C. Smith, Major, A. G.,
Adjutant.

Y. M. C. A. Work at the Base Hospital

The youngest of the Y. M. C. A. huts at Camp Merritt is now actively under way. The Hospital Department of the Red Triangle forces here in camp have been in their new quarters, the remodelled building that served as Western Union headquarters about a year ago,

since the first of February, and in their new environment are broadening and enlarging the work among the men of the Hospital. The building, situated in the Hospital grounds, directly back of Ward 4, is more advantageous and commodious than the room in the Old Officers' Quarters, and gives a better opportunity for service than was possible before.


Under the able leadership of Mr. H. B. Leech, Director, a staff of nine men is honestly endeavoring to meet the needs of hospital men. Large quantities of supplies for use in the work here are received daily from groups of patrons living within a thirty-mile radius of Camp Merritt. These supplies are distributed impartially through the wards, and the detailed report of a week's distribution of jellies, cakes, and such comforts as tooth paste, handkerchiefs, towels, canes, grape juice, candy, and ice cream, reaches a surprisingly high figure.

Three or four afternoons each week are given over to groups of ladies from Ridgewood, Montclair and Ridgefield Park for the purpose of serving cake and coffee to convalescent men and to men of the Detachment. Crowded rooms on those days testify to the quality of the cake and the cordial hospitality of the visiting ladies.

Members of the Hospital Y staff were delighted last Thursday to receive a call from Mr. W. W. Hall and Mr. E. N. Furnald, formerly director and assistant director, respectively. At the conclusion of the eats served by Secretary Harry Cooper in the rear room, Rev. E. A. Crowdis, in behalf of the secretaries, presented Mr. Furnald with a Y. M. C. A. watch fob, suitably engraved, Director H. B. Leech performing a similar service with a fob for Mr. Hall. Impromptu speeches were made by everybody, all bespeaking their high esteem for their guests.

Social Secretary J. A. Hills has been absent upon legal business in Connecticut for ten days.

With the fine weather comes the call from the convalescents for athletic goods for use in the spaces between the wards.



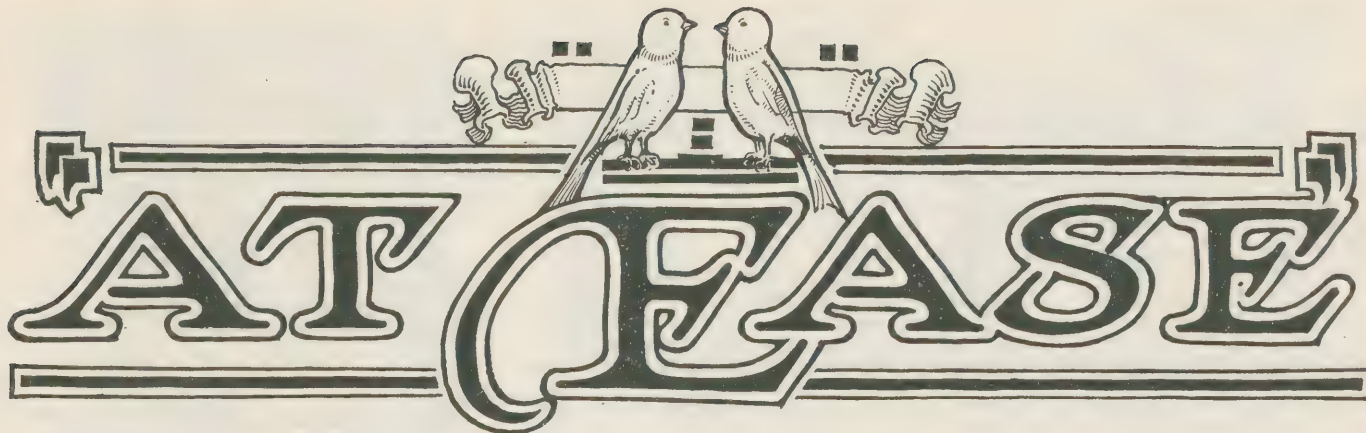
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AT EASE

Personal Items

Written for the Mess-Kit by Pvt. 1/c George N. Stack, Med. Dept.
Cartoons by Pvt. 1/c George N. Stack.

Good morning! Have you saluted any third lieutenants?

* * *

Pvt. 1/c John Lamberg, of the Service Record Office, was recently restricted to camp for one week, but through his extreme absent-mindedness he neglected to report one evening, and was greeted with a request that he loan his pass to the Detachment Commander for thirty more days. Cheer up, John; think of the money you will have to loan out during the thirty-seven days you are with us!

* * *

"Bill" Flaherty claims that he owes the fact of his being witty to the humerus he carries in each arm.

* * *

Sgt. Lee Patton offers a liberal reward of 20c. in canteen checks for information leading to the whereabouts of his eyebrow pencil.

* * *

Pvt. 1/c Godfrey Eaton has been transferred to U. S. A. General Hospital No. 36, Detroit, Mich., as a patient.

* * *

One of the few sources of amusement in the Service Record Office are the hourly arguments between Sgts. Heingartner and Howard. To date the result is still a dead-lock.

* * *

Pvt. Becker: "Sergeant, can I get restricted for something that I did not do?"

Sgt. O'Neil: "Certainly not."

Pvt. Becker: "I didn't shave for inspection this morning."

* * *

It is not necessary for men in the detachment to wear mustaches in order to look professional, as all the professional men are wearing shoulder ornaments.

* * *

The 13th Infantry Basket Ball team suffered but one defeat in the camp league, but it remained for the "Pill-rollers" to administer that one defeat.

* * *

The New York newspapers have finally settled the gigantic question of who won the World War. The 27th Division.

* * *

The race in the "Gold bricks" league has finally narrowed down to but three contestants, but still remains doubtful. Jesse Christopher holds first easily with seven admittances to the hospital. George Rasmussen is in second with six and Joseph Schram is bringing up the rear

with five. Betting is 5 to 2 on Christopher although there is a dark horse in Schram, as he has the habit of going in whenever his work becomes tiresome.

* * *

The Cartoon Essay Competition.—

April Cartoon: "The New Frankenstein."

Limit of Essay, 100 words.

Winner of First Prize: Pvt. 1/c John A. Lamberg, Med. Dept.

Private Lamberg's effort, which nets him the sum of \$5, is appended. Corporal Clement, of the Personnel Office, unfortunately confused the meaning of the 100-word limit and thought he might get by with 102 words. He was disqualified. No other contestant observed the simple rules and specifications governing the competition. The Essay Competition will be discontinued for the present, as a regular monthly proposition, to be revived again when desirable.

Essay.

Those who remember the story of Frankenstein and his monster readily grasp the full meaning of the cartoon, "The New Frankenstein." Germany, represented by the Fox, had nursed the Cub Bear, Bolshevism, until the Cub grew to such a size that, knowing its size and strength, it endeavors to crush the life out of its Foster Mother. That Bolshevism is succeeding in its purpose seems evident from the look of satisfaction on the countenance of the Bear, and on the other hand the dejected and fearful look shown on the face of the struggling Fox.

PVT. 1/C JOHN A. LAMBERG.

* * *

Nurse: "What would you do if a patient cut an artery in his cheek?"

Pvt. 1/c Marlow: "Apply a tourniquet to his throat."

* * *

Hospital Sergeant Spivey was recently delegated to act as an escort to accompany a body to Ohio and was placed on Detached Service for nine days.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the distorted way in which a newly made non-com. holds his right arm?

* * *

Subscription Agent: "Do you wish to buy a Mess-Kit?"

Patient: "No, I was issued one."

(Continued on page 28)



River Scene in Japan

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Soldiers' Sweethearts

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"The Chorus Lady"

If YOU were flesh and blood, dear,
And walking down Broadway,
I'd ask you not to dress like that
In the chilly month of May:
The sharp wind cannot worry you,
Because you're pen-and-ink,
But if you lived and breathed and moved,
Why—what would people think?



"The Military Soubrette"

If YOU were flesh and blood, dear,
And I were close at hand,
I'd kiss you on your red, red lips,
And grab you by the hand,
And hold you closely to me
In your khaki uniform,
But I'd wrap you in a cloak, dear,
To keep your shoulders warm.

Sgt. 1/c Matthews and Corp. "Paddy" Keler, of the Detachment Office, have hopes of some day becoming great crime detectors. Sgt. Matthews was recently sent to New York for a deserter and returned with the man that he was sent after. A few days later "Paddy" was seen leaving camp with a bag containing the following articles: One .44 Colt, one flashlight, one billy, one pair of handcuffs, a hypodermic syringe and a late copy of the Sherlock Holmes. But Paddy also lived up to the trust placed in him and returned with his man.

* * *

Can You Imagine

Lloyd Keller staying in one night.
Steak in the Mess Hall.
A whole day off duty.
Your discharge.
Cook Gus Reihle with a smile.
A ward in which the wood work is never scrubbed.
Pvt. 1/c Witt, of the Post Office, with clean leggins.
Culver without his glasses.
Kroos buying cigarettes.
George Washington Keith out of the Guard House.
John Christian with a date.
A nurse who doesn't call the Ward-master down on Inspection morning.
Yourself with money after the fifteenth.
Steam in the barracks on a cold night.
Sgt. Heingartner spending money.
Pay day and no crap games.
An empty trolley from Fort Lee after 12 o'clock.
Sgt. Murray without his gum.
The Public Service cars on time.
A corporal in the Mess Hall who isn't hard-boiled.



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Soldiers' Sweethearts

(Continued)



"The Columbine"

If YOU were flesh and blood, dear,
Instead of black-and-white,
I'd whisper in your shell-pink ear
That you are just my height:
And one thing only troubles me,
And fills my heart with care—
What would it cost to keep you
In the clothes you like to wear?

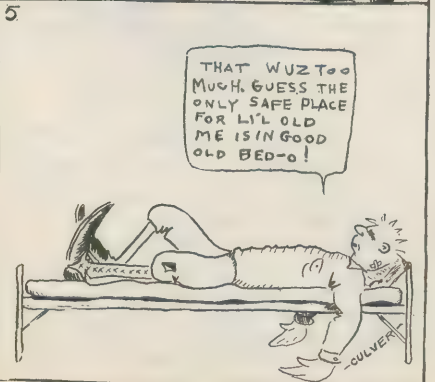
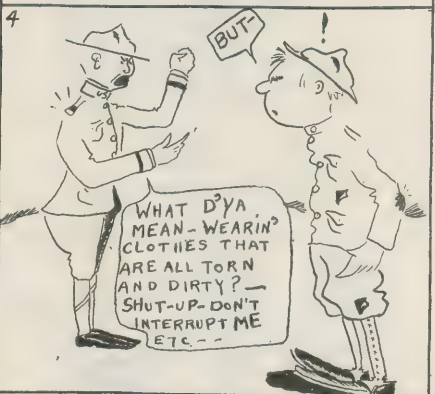
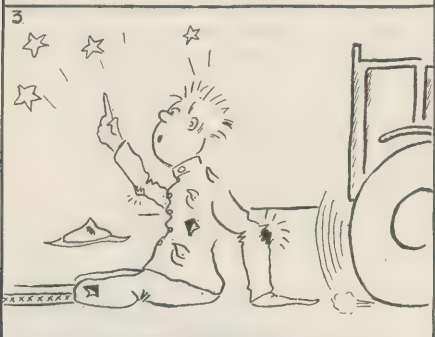
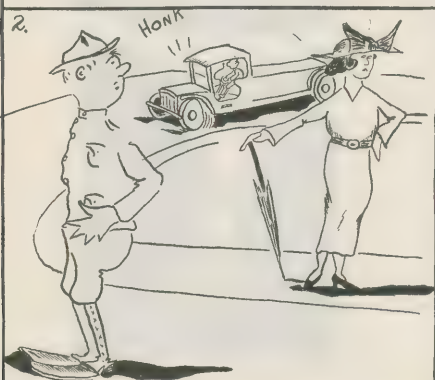
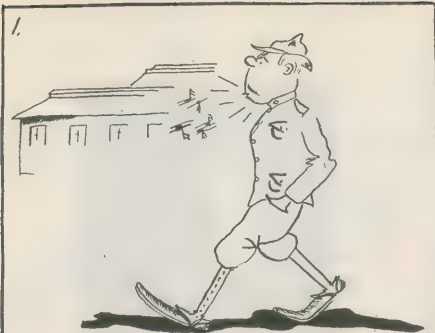


"The Farmerette"

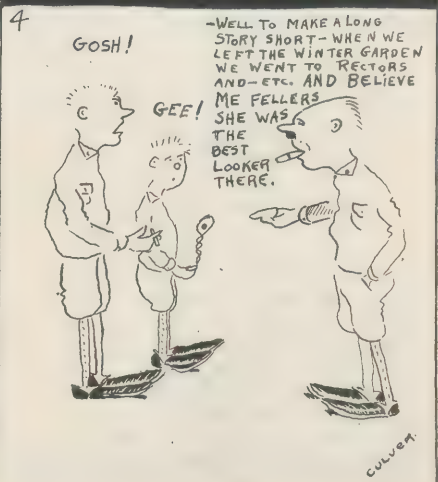
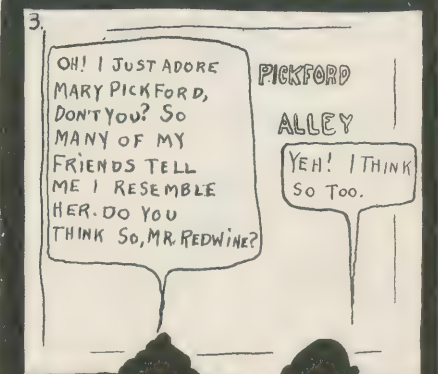
(With apologies to Nell Brinkley.)

If YOU were flesh and blood, dear,
And not a "Brinkley Girl,"
All cute and quick and human,
From countryboot to curl,
I wouldn't have you different
In any single thing,
And if you'll come to life, dear,
I'll go and get the ring.

CULVER'S CARTOONS



"Now, on the left of the page, gentlemen, we have the closing cartoon of 'Shep, the Shame of Barracks VI', depicting the misfortunes of Pvt. 1/c Foster A. C. Shepherd, Base Hospital Med. Dept., drawn from life by Pvt. 1/c George R. Culver, of the Mess-Kit staff."



"And, on the right of the page, Pvt. 1/c Redwine, 'the Champion Romancer' of the Base Hospital Detachment, is getting by with his usual 'rainbow stuff'."

The Great Question And Its Answer

By Private 1/c George D. Faris.

(Continued from April number.)

Editor's Synopsis.—Private Faris's story in the April number of THE MESS-KIT parted with that hero at the moment that he had dived into the sea from the deck of the steamer, met a torpedo head-to-head and thrown himself on the back of the deadly instrument. This was no small feat, but George makes nothing of it. The story is concluded in this number. It is a good story. George is here telling us what he intends to say to anybody who asks him in the far future the Great Question, "What did YOU do in the World-War?" George is telling his children what he did. He continues:

The torpedo was tearing through the water now at a great rate, headed for the south. Our ship and the submarine were traveling due east. Without any difficulty I turned the machine's head to overtake the ship, and owing to the astonishing speed of a drumhead torpedo in good working order, I soon rapidly overhauled the steamer and passed along her side, not fifty feet away from her, astonished and pleased to find that somehow word that something extraordinary was happening had got about, and the whole deck from stem to stern was lined with cheering men, waving their hats and shouting greetings. The steamer was easily making twenty-five knots an hour, but the torpedo was making thirty-five, and the major of our company, I perceived, was about to hail me through a speaking-trumpet immediately. I saluted. Even in that supreme moment the traditions of the Army were strong within me. I saluted, and he returned the salute. "What the blazes are you doing down there?" came his voice. It was not exactly the kind of a greeting I had expected from him, but I answered at once, politely, "Submarine, sir, on the other side of you keeping up with the steamer, submerged. I shall sink her with this torpedo." "Where did you get that torpedo?" he roared. But I was now out of earshot and clear of the bow of the steamer. I could safely turn ahead of the steamer, describing a complete half-circle and so meet the submarine, as I had previously met the torpedo, head to head. I was glad to see, again poking itself above the water, the little funnel of the submarine, which was probably coming to the surface to demand the immediate surrender of the steamer, on pain of launching another torpedo instantly and sending the ship and its pre-

cious cargo of thousands of human lives to the bottom. I shall never know what its purpose was. No one will ever know that. Making sure that the course of the torpedo was accurately laid to strike the submarine directly in her bow center, I slipped off the torpedo's back and dived deep, down, down, to put as much depth as possible between me and the force of the explosion that was imminent. It followed quickly. They told me afterwards that every soul on the deck of the steamer saw what happened. They said that there was a frightful roar and burst of white flame and smoke as the torpedo struck the submarine, and then, in an instant—nothing. Not a fragment; not a spar; nothing. Only a sea heaving a little where a moment before the submarine had been. There is not much more to tell, children. Willing hands hoisted me over the side of the steamer. Our major was one of the first to greet me. "You are under arrest," said he, "for leaving the deck without permission. Go to your quarters." He was a strict disciplinarian. I saluted and turned right-about-face to obey. "Halt!" said he. I halted. "Under the circumstances I have no desire to be harsh with you," said he, "but this kind of thing is calculated to destroy discipline. You see that, don't you?" "Quite so, sir," I answered. "It must not happen again, of course." "Certainly not, sir." "If that is understood I am willing to drop the matter, and the arrest is terminated," said he. I thanked him and saluted. He walked away, stopping to say over his shoulder, "Not a word about this, you understand?" "Certainly not, sir." "Nobody would believe it. You see that, don't you?" "Exactly, sir. Nobody would believe it." "Feel all right?" he inquired. "A slight headache, sir." "Better take a CC. pill for it to-night," he said, and dismissed me. That is all, children. I could tell you of many things that happened in France, but I like best to remember this adventure with the submarine. Somehow word of what I had done got into the papers over there, and there was some kind of a celebration, but I never cared for such things. Perhaps it was an unusual thing. I don't suppose it has ever been duplicated as a performance by a single man without help from a comrade. The headaches I have now once in a while are the result of that collision with the torpedo, head to head,

you remember. The major spoke of that. "You must have a remarkable head," said he. "It's a good head, I believe, sir," I said, pleasantly. "It must be good and thick," said he in his cheery way. I think he meant to pay me a compliment but the effect is governed largely by the emphasis."

(THE END.)

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April 28-30 = = = = All Star Vaudeville

May 1-4 = = = = Miss Blue Eyes

May 8-11 = = = = May Ward Vaudeville

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Personal Items

(Continued from page 24)

It would be impossible to enumerate the many transfers of our friend Sunshine as the dawn of each day finds Sunshine reporting on a new job. Perhaps the only thing that he does well is play basket ball and that isn't work, which perhaps is the reason Sunshine shines at it.

* * *

"Speedy" Swift is playing Hackensack for a change from Paterson. He was found the other morning curled up on a bench in the Hackensack depot waiting for the 3:08.

* * *

Don't cry, little saloon, don't cry.
You'll be a drug store by-and-by.

* * *

Si Harvey on preparing to leave the Campus Lunch in Dumont the other evening dropped his check on the floor and Marquardt, who was bringing up the rear, stepped on it with a No. 10 hob-nailed shoe and knocked out \$4.45 worth of eats. Cheer up, Si, pay day will soon roll around again.

* * *

Much speculation has arisen as to how McMullen, of the Garage, gains his popularity with the ladies.

* * *

Pvt. E. L. Springford is becoming so pretentious that his walk reminded Sam Callahan of a Tenaflay bus. E. L. S. is now being hailed, "Tenaflay Bus."

* * *

The members of this command who applied for re-enlistment under War Department Circular No. 113, are as follows:

Sgt. 1/c Elmer F. Goggans, Mess Sergeant.

Corp. Sydney B. Flower, Editor of THE MESS-KIT.

Corp. Victor B. Keen, Charge of Wards Nos. 10, 12, 14 and 16.

Pvt. 1/c Elmer E. Barrows, Filing Office.

Cook Donald Snyder.
Pvt. 1/c Thomas H. Pfleeger.
Pvt. Nevin I. Hemerly.
Pvt. Groy D. Modlin, Guard.

* * *

Corp. Synnesvedt is to leave the Detachment Office soon and take up his old line, that of landscape gardening around the Hospital.

Corp. Evans will have to leave the "vamps" alone at baseball practice or we will have to issue him a pair of blinders. At every practice "Evvy" usually manages to find some fair member of the opposite sex to pass the afternoon away.

* * *

Pvt. 1/c George D. Faris, commonly known as "G. D.," has recently been granted a five-day furlough, which was spent in Washington, D. C. Rumor has it that "G. D." is after something soft in Washington, as his home happens to be Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

On being awakened the other morning "Skinny" Barrows was found to be sleeping with everything in the way of clothes on but his hat. On being questioned, "Skinny" said that he thought he was in Valley Cottage waiting for the milk train.

* * *

Sgt. Arnold, of the Q. M. Detachment, is getting more and more popular with the ladies, having held three dates in one evening. How did you get rid of the first two, Serg.?

* * *

Pvt. Kroos, of the Receiving Ward, is getting to be a great judge of cigarettes. His favorite brand is Everybody's.

* * *

Jack Painter: "Did I get a letter?"

Mail Clerk: "I think you did."

J. P.: "Where was it from?"

M. C.: "What's your name?"

* * *

At the first try-out for the Base Hospital baseball team we were quite surprised not to see those Minor League stars, John Christian and Cook Eric Pflug among the candidates.

* * *

Corpl. Toby Ward, of the Sick and Wounded Office, has been seen stealthily entering a dance palace in New York which has among its advocates many so-called "shimmy" artists.

TO MY SOLDIER

Written by Miss A. Bledsoe for the "Lasso," a publication printed by the College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.

I'm feeling rather shaky over all the things I hear,

Of the shrapnel and the cannon that are roaring round you, dear;

Of the Zeppelins and the airplanes and the sneaky submarine;

But the worst of all the things I hear—it nearly turns me green,—

Is the fear of all the damsels, you'll be meeting "Over There,"

All the pretty maids of Paris, with their fascinating air.

Now, be a royal lover; and don't forsake the girl back home.

No matter how they smile on you, don't let your fancies roam.

The French girls may be pretty and the nurses may be kind,

But don't you be a traitor to the girl you left behind.

I know that you are loyal to the Red and White and Blue,

And I hope that you'll be loyal to your old time sweetheart, too.

Against the "Hun," they spell with "U", you'll hold your own I know,

But I fear you may be ambushed by the "Hons" they spell with "O",

Stand guard against temptation; don't surrender to their charms,

And wait until you come back home before presenting arms.

Leave the French girls to the Frenchmen and the nurses to the Docs,

The boys in khaki should be true to the girls who knit their socks.

Though the French girls may be pretty and the nurses may be kind,

Oh! do not be a traitor to the girl you left behind.

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TO MY SWEETHEART

An answer "To My Soldier," written by Sergeant R. C. Diefenderfer, Battery D, 133rd F. A., 36th Division, A. E. F. Home:—Fort Worth, Texas.

I am feeling kind of shaky over all the things I hear
Of the slackers, fobs and dandies who are hanging round you, dear;
Of the joy-rides—Packard, Chandler, even Ford and limousine
But the worst of all the things I hear—it nearly turns me green—
Is the fear of all the dandies you'll be meeting "over there"—
The slacker, foppish, foolish dandies—with their fascinating air.

So be an American sweetheart and wait for me at home.
No matter how they wear their clothes, just let your fancy roam
Across the seas to me in France; gaze on my olive drab.
Imagine it the fullest dress that lover ever had.
I know that you are loyal to the old Red, White and Blue;
I hope that you are loyal to your pre-war sweetheart, too.

Against the Huns they spell with "U" you did your bit, I know.
I hope you won't be ambushed by the "Hons" they spell with "O".
Stand guard against their blandishments, don't surrender to their charms;
And wait till I come back to you before presenting arms.

I'm leaving French girls to the Frenchmen and the nurses to the Docs.
We boys in khaki all are true to the girls who knit our socks.
True, the French girls all are pretty and the nurses all are kind,
But in my mind's a picture of "The Girl I Left Behind."

Personal Items

(Continued from page 28)
"Tennessee Intelligence"

An orderly was recently sent to the Post Office to place a special delivery stamp on a letter. On his return he was asked if he placed the stamp on. "I don't know, but the clerk over there put on a stamp with a man riding a bicycle," was the answer.

* * *

It is not customary to furnish an outfielder with a mask, but if "Bullet Head" Roehm doesn't shut his mouth while fielding we shall feel that we are obliged to do so to save his ivories.

* * *



* * *

Sgts. Muhl and Allard, Corp. Clemons and Pvt. 1/c Flaherty were indulging in a little impromptu fashion parade one noon a short time ago, each with a fair young damsel on his chevron arm. But why confine your promenade to the front of the Administration Building?

(Continued on page 30)

Taste It! There is a Difference

Cover your eyes and have some one put on your tongue a morsel of the ordinary nut butter.

Then repeat the test with First Prize. There is all the difference in the world.

The rich yet delicate taste, the fresh creaminess are found only in



Buy it, not because it is cheaper, but because it is better.

Buy it because it is sweet, made without benzoate of soda or other preservatives.

There are other nut butters on the market, but there is only one First Prize.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

First Prize
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AMMON & PERSON
Churners of Fancy Nut Butter
Jersey City - - - New Jersey
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to know that the last sad rites are carefully attended to. Our establishment offers the best service obtainable anywhere, with fully equipped attending automobiles, new motor-ambulance, and caskets either plain or richly ornamented, varying in cost from \$50 to \$1,500, as desired. We furnish everything required. Relatives of the deceased who write, phone, or call upon us may be sure of careful consideration of their requests in little things as in great things, our aim being to carry out their wishes to the last detail, and to do everything they would wish done for the dead just as carefully as if they were present to superintend the arrangements. Our Chapel is furnished with good taste and refinement for the holding of Funeral Services.

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ALL MILITARY SUPPLIES

9th Street and Madison Ave.

4th House from the Corner

Cresskill, N. J.

Personal Items

(Continued from page 29)

Pvt. 1/c George Scollins has been granted a five-day furlough which he spent in his home town, Boston, Mass. George has only one kick to register against the army and that is that the army cooks cannot bake beans like those good old "Boston Bakes." He claimed before he left that he would get his share to tide him over until he receives his discharge.



WHO STOLE "PETE" FLETCHER'S CASE OF EGGS.

Sgt. Peter Fletcher of the Officers' Mess recently ordered a case of eggs for use in his kitchen. The eggs were delivered and left on the rear porch of the Officers' Kitchen. The next morning Pete sent a cook out for the eggs, but case and eggs had disappeared. Being fresh eggs they couldn't have walked, so Pete came to the conclusion that they were lifted. He immediately started a search of the hospital, and during the course of his rambles found and identified the case in the enlisted men's mess storeroom. To date he hasn't been able to fasten the guilt on any one, although suspicion seems to rest on Cook Gus Reihle's shoulders.

"THE FOLKS AT HOME WANT YOUR PICTURE!"

THIS is the message sent to the boy in hospital in every letter from home. Send your request now to Jenkins, Photographer, Englewood, N. J., and he will take the picture of the wounded man in his Hospital Ward. The picture is the evidence the folks at home need to convince them that their boy is all right. You, mothers and fathers, stop worrying! Write to Jenkins. Tell him to take your boy's picture and send it to you. Permission to take these photographs in Wards has been granted by the Hospital Command. Address, for quick action,

JENKINS, The PHOTOGRAPHER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.



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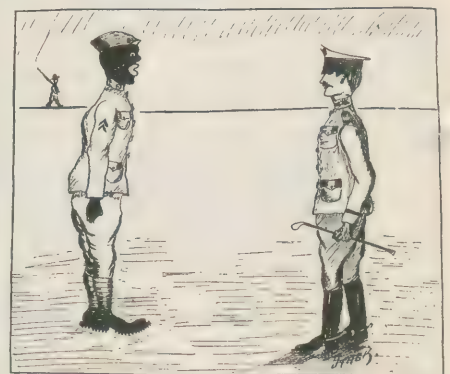
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Ophthalmological Supplies

Benjamin Franklin said: "Be industrious and free; be frugal and free."
Buy W. S. S.



Colonel: "Don't you recognize an officer?"

Newly Drafted Corporal: "Yas, sah; no sah. Ah done thot dat dos chickens on yo shoulder wuz to temp us po' niggahs, sah?"

Benjamin Franklin's picture is on the 1919 War-Savings Stamps; his thrift ideas are behind them.

Have you a "turn around" fund? It keeps away rainy days and helps you take advantage of sunny opportunities. Make one with W. S. S.

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You gain these two desirable features when you buy Borden's Milk

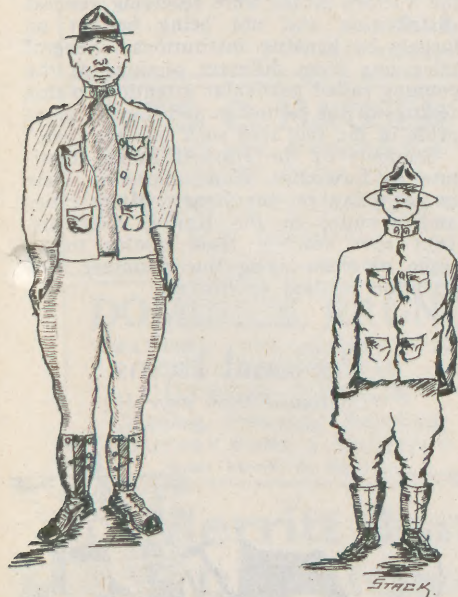
Our many years of experience in supervising the production of milk, our thorough system of inspection and our ideal delivery organization insure your receiving the finest quality of products and a truly satisfactory service.



BORDEN'S FARM PRODUCTS CO. INC.

Personal Items

(Continued from page 30)



ARMY MISFITS.

The above picture is an ancient tintype of Pvts. Luther Thompson and Pvt. Thorne of the Hospital Laundry as they looked when wearing their first issues of army clothes at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Pvt. Thompson said that the only thing that fitted him that day was his hat-cord.

Thriftlessness is shiftlessness. Put those careless coins into Thrift Stamps and those Thrift Stamps into W. S. S.

TELEPHONE 575

M. RUESS

Groceries, Vegetables, Delicatessen

PALISADE AVENUE AND PALISADE PLACE
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Personal Items

(Continued)



She (mistaking silver stripes for gold): "And what was the most terrific engagement that you were ever in?"

Sergeant Bebo: "Trying to get a dance at the Hostess House on Thursday evenings."

(Continued on page 32)

HORTON'S ICE CREAM

*"Those who fought for Uncle Sam—
Know it's free from fault and sham!"*

Dodge Brothers
Motor Cars

Day-Elder
Motor Trucks

COLT-STRATTON COMPANY

1847 BROADWAY

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Instruction Courses

Accessories

Rainbow Division Pushing The Loan

Army of Committeemen and Workers Starts Canvass of Business Interests.

Reports to Washington Tell of Concerted Movement in All Sections to "Finish the Job."

2,000,000 HELPERS AT WORK

Oversubscriptions in Several Communities Already Announced—Glass Issues Appeal.

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WASHINGTON, April 21.—Uncounted millions in subscriptions to the Victory Liberty Loan poured into banks and soliciting committees throughout the country today, but no official reports had reached national headquarters here tonight to give any comprehensive idea of the harvest on the opening day of the three weeks' campaign. Subscriptions probably will not be shown fully in reports to the Treasury until late in the week.

More than 2,000,000 volunteers were at work today in the big, concerted movement to "finish the job," but reports indicated that the opening was marked by less excitement than those of previous loan campaigns when fighting was in progress in France. The big nation-wide machine for the marketing of \$4,500,000,000 of notes as the last big war loan had been so completely adjusted and oiled in advance that it went into operation almost automatically.

The big offices in the Treasury, which for weeks past have been busy with preparation for the campaign, were quieter than usual, for the task of putting the big loan across had been passed on to local committees of workers in thousands of communities. These apparently were so busy today gathering the first harvest of subscriptions that they had no time to report their progress to national headquarters, for most telegrams to the Treasury early today were of a technical nature and told nothing of the

opening demonstrations throughout the country.

Secretary Glass today issued this appeal to officers and employees of the Treasury:

"Four Liberty loans have 'gone over the top.' Our country's appeal to its men and women to make the last great popular war issue of Government obligations—the Victory Liberty Loan—an overwhelming success reaches every corner of our country today, and I feel sure that the patriotism of peace will find expression in this loan no less effectively than the patriotism of war in other loans. The great battle for liberty and democracy is over, and the victory is won, but let us not forget that all the boys who made this victory possible are not yet home, and that the wounded must be rehabilitated and cared for.

"A world is to be rebuilt, and in the rebuilding America is playing a tremendous part, and America's part is your part and my part, the part of every man woman and child in America."

Long before closing hours tonight telegrams arriving at the Treasury told the story of enthusiastic communities which had subscribed their full quotas on the first day. Among the first to report this record were: South St. Paul, Minn.; Albany, Ga.; Middletown and Derby, Conn.; Proctor, Vt.; Orleans, Vt.; Merimack and Brentwood, N. H.; Rockport and Frysburg, Me.; Big Stone Gap, Va.; Lodi, N. J.; Blairstown, N. J.; Lyons, N. J.; Clark Mills, Ardsley, Attica, Hinchley, North Javan and Barnwell, N. Y.

Report Detroit Oversubscribed.

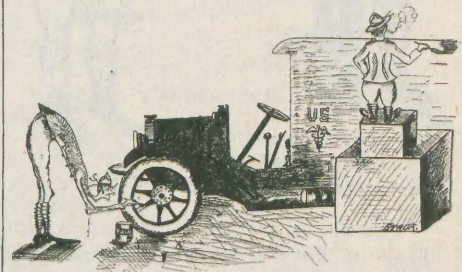
The Treasury had no report as yet on the achievement of Detroit, reported to be the first large city to oversubscribe its quota.

"Early indications," said a Treasury review of the loan campaign, "were that the Victory Notes were receiving general distribution and not being bought up largely by banking institutions. Several telegrams from different sections of the country called particular attention to this feature of the campaign and showed great pride in the fact that such was the case."

Students of the Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kan., exceeded their quota today in one hour. Many cities and counties in the Kansas City district also reached their quotas today, some of them using the volunteer subscription method exclusively.

Personal Items

(Continued from page 31)



The Long and Short of the Garage.

"Test tube" Beattie and "Shrimp" Gravett at work painting ambulances.



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**California
Orange Drink**
5cts. 5cts.

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THE FINEST SHOES FOR THE MONEY YOU EVER WORE
Does that mean anything to YOU! Come and see. Just ask for
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At the SODA FOUNTAIN

You will find cool and refreshing drinks of all kinds
Ice Cream, Milk Shakes, Malted Milk, Frosted Drinks
ALL FLAVORS

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Up-to-the-Minute Equipment

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MILITARY WORK A SPECIALTY

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HATS

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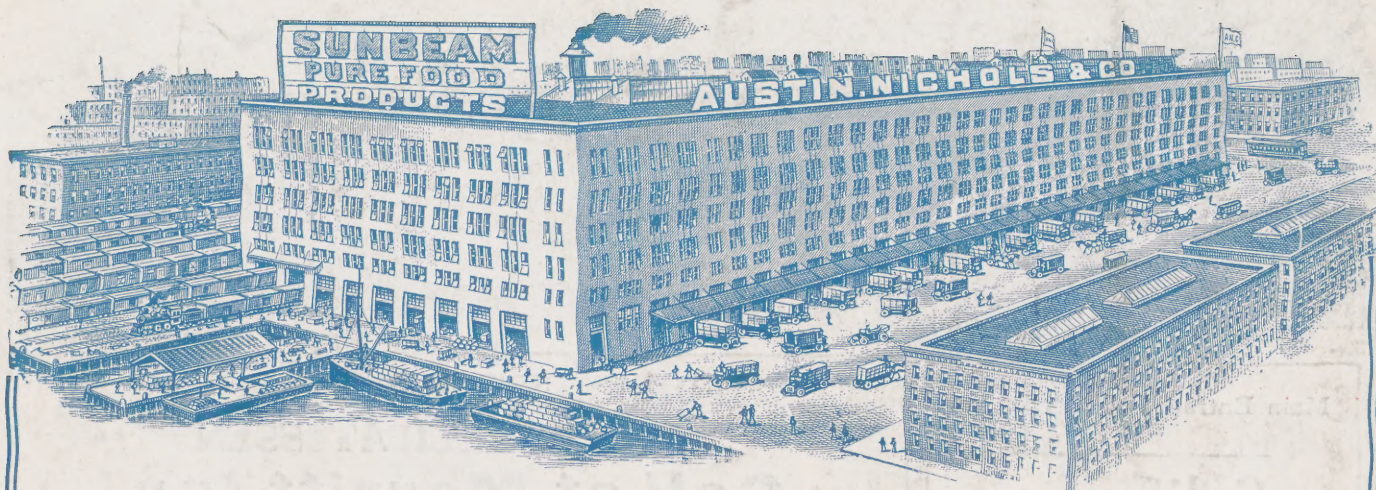
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NOTE: Austin, Nichols & Co. sent 172 men to the colors, three of whom made the supreme sacrifice. Nearly a score have been wounded, some very severely. Promotions have been many. One of the men was with the lost battalion in the Argonne. Several were wounded in more than one battle, and a few received two or more wounds in the same action. With such sons ready to flock to her defense the nation can face with a tranquil spirit whatever responsibilities and perils the years may bring.